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**YOUNG AND
RESTLESS:
SOAP STAR
JAIME LYN
BAUER NUDE!**

**PROFILE:
MAD
MAGAZINE'S
WILLIAM GAINES**

**DEATH BY
POISON: LEGAL
CHEMICALS
ARE KILLING
YOU**

**WHY MEN
HAVE
STRONGER
SEX DRIVES**

*Happy Valentine's
Day*

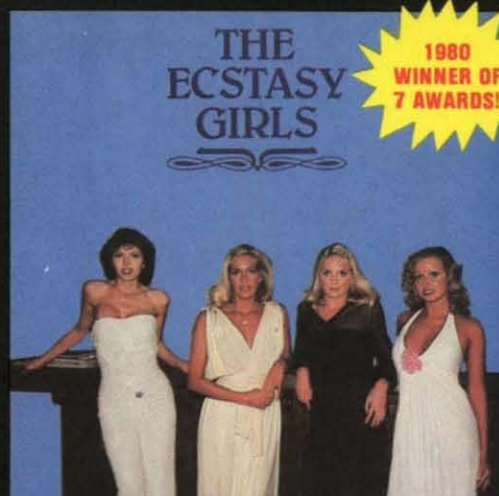
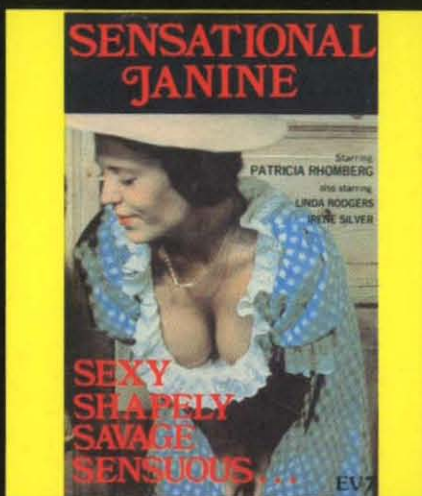
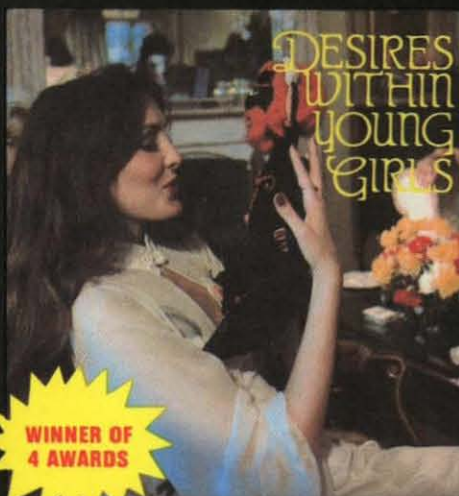
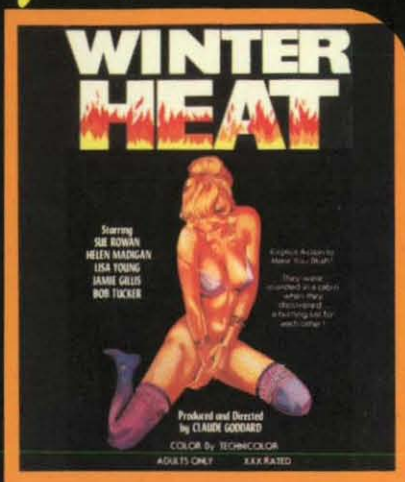
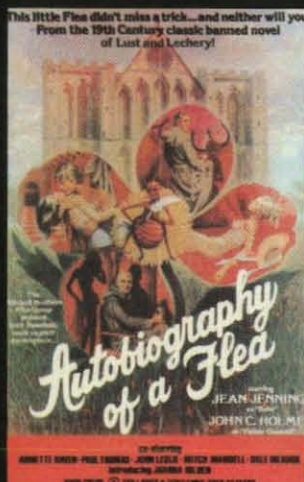
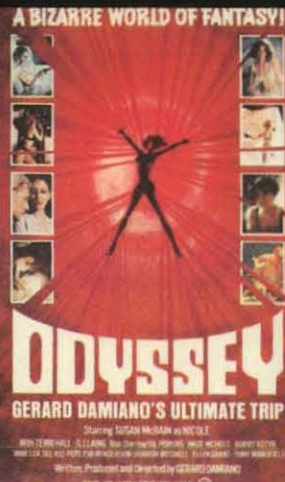
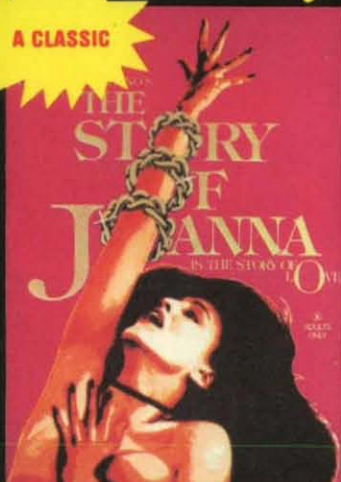


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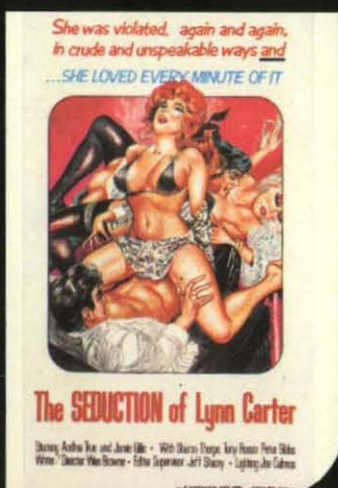
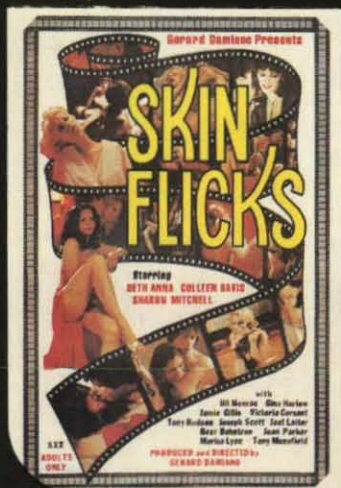


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5

**PUBLISHER'S
STATEMENT**

9

FEEDBACK

13

**WORLD NEWS
ROUNDUP**

15

ADVISE & CONSENT

19

BITS & PIECES

27

X-RATED REVIEWS

33

SEX PLAY

Why Men Have
Stronger Sex Drives
by Stephanie Ross

36

WILLIAM GAINES

Mad Magazine's
Eccentric Publisher
Profile by Frank Jacobs

42

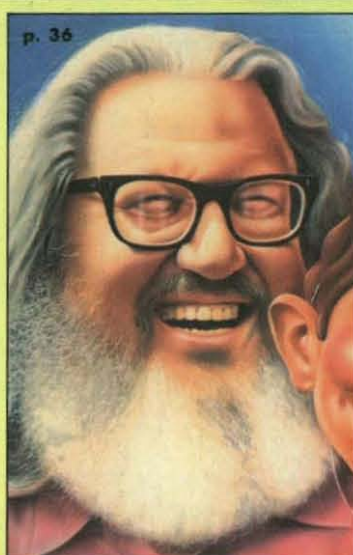
**TIPI & DAWN:
COMING
TOGETHER**

Photography
by Suze Randall

56

**YOU ARE
BEING POISONED!**

Deadly Chemicals
Are Everywhere
Article by Ben Pesta



p. 36



p. 42

62

**DIXIE: DEEP IN
THE HEART
OF TEXAS**

Centerfold
Photography by Matti Klatt

72

HUSTLER HUMOR

75

JAIME LYN BAUER

Nude-Celebrity Exclusive
Photography
by Augustin Gregory

80

DREAM LOVER

Photography by Matti Klatt

92

**THE EYES
OF A KILLER**

Fiction by Leigh Vance

95

**CANDY: SWEET
VALENTINE**

Photography
by Clive McLean

105

BEAVER HUNT

Slit Parade

113

KINKY KORNER

Cycle Slut
by Ralph McHale

115

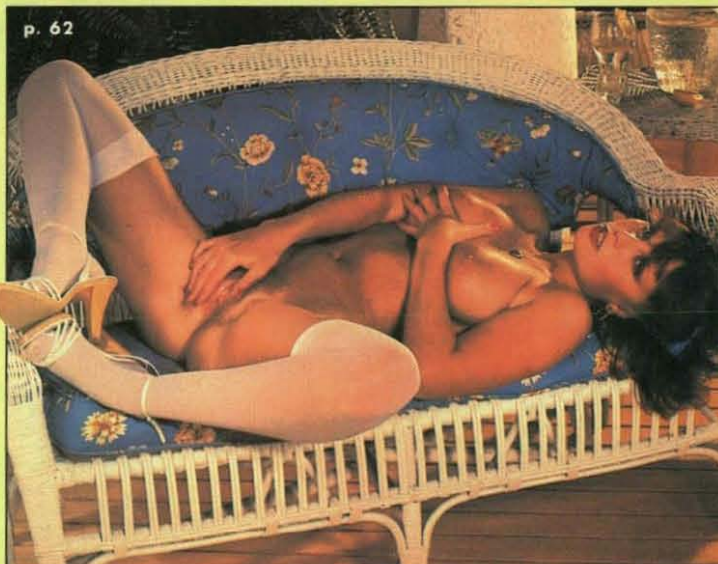
HONEY

Harlots on Wheels
by Bruce Helford
and Tom Garst

119

**MAIL-ORDER
FEEDBACK**

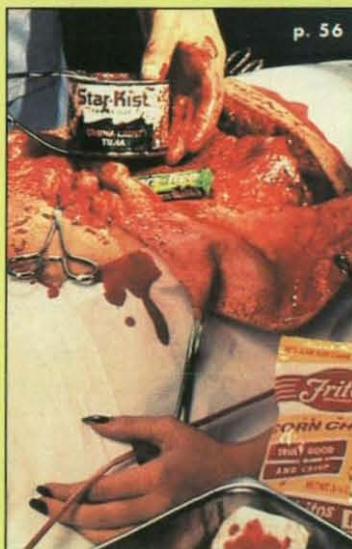
Bad-Guy Bust



p. 62

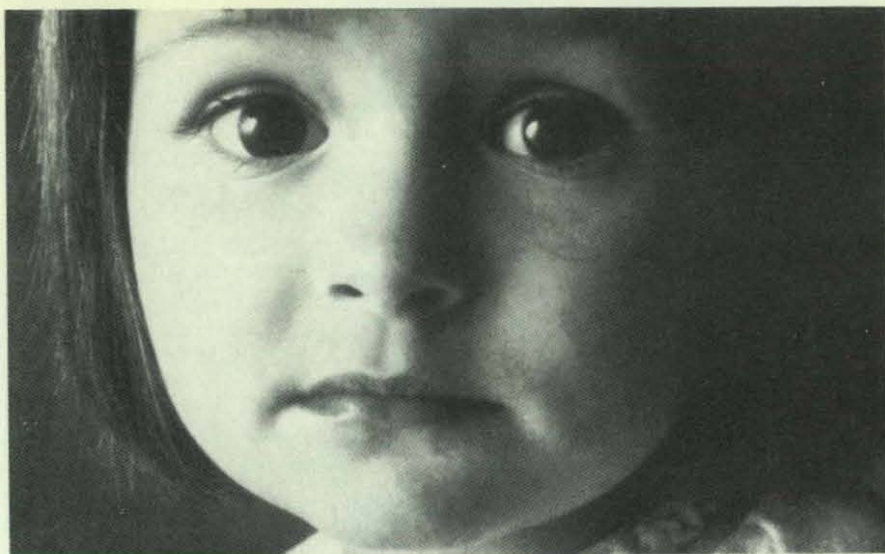


p. 95



p. 56

FEBRUARY 1981 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 8



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
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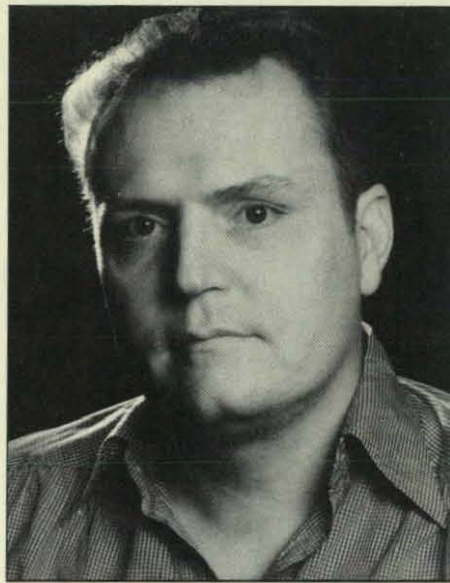
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HUSTLER FEBRUARY 1981 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 8

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



The Supreme Court: Still Out of Touch

I've written a lot about the United States Supreme Court because I'm constantly frustrated by the way this elite bunch has been chipping away at our individual liberties. It seems like most of the justices think their job is to kill, once and for all, freedom of speech and freedom of sexual expression in America.

I believe as much as anybody else in the institutions that have shaped democracy in this country—including the Supreme Court. But I just can't sit still while the present Court majority tries to dictate how individual citizens should conduct their private lives.

One recent decision shows just how out of touch the Supreme Court is with contemporary American life. The justices, by a 6-3 vote, refused to hear the case of a divorced mother whose three daughters had been taken away from her by an Illinois court because she is living with a man.

By not taking on the case, the High Court in effect expressed its agreement with the lower court's ruling that the woman had jeopardized the "moral and spiritual well-being" of her children simply by letting her boyfriend move in. The Illinois court also noted that the woman had violated a state law that makes it a crime for an unmarried couple to have sex or live together.

First of all, the Supreme Court should have heard the case and shot down that ridiculous and repressive law. It's incredible that in this day and age a

law is allowed to stay on the books that makes it a crime for consenting adults to fornicate.

But it was more than just an outdated law at issue. In fact, the woman was never prosecuted for breaking that law. What the Illinois court really said was that anybody who has sex outside of marriage is unfit to be a parent.

How in hell could six justices sit up on their high bench, and let a woman lose her children just because she sleeps with a man at night? Are they so isolated from American life that they don't know that more than a million households in this country consist of unmarried couples living together? More than a quarter of those homes include children. So does that mean hundreds of thousands of parents are morally corrupting their children? The Supreme Court seems to think so.

I'm tired of having the Supreme Court justices constantly impose their own morality on private citizens. And it's time we do something about it. The election is over, and a new administration is taking office. Let your feelings be known by writing your congressman, senator and the President. You can get the addresses free by contacting your local newspaper.

*Publisher &
Chairman of the Board*

"You WILL Lose EVERY Unwanted Pound EVERY Unsightly Inch OR WE WILL PAY YOU \$100.00!!"

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It has been part of HUSTLER's proud tradition to alert you, our readers, to the deception and double-talk that spew from the offices of political bureaucrats and America's corporate boardrooms. In recent issues we've exposed government lies about the human toll of nuclear-weapons tests and explained how bureaucratic bungling has denied us a number of life-saving drugs. This month the tradition continues in a story with truly frightening implications—for each and every one of us.

In his shocking report **YOU ARE BEING POISONED!—DEADLY CHEMICALS ARE EVERYWHERE**, free-lance writer **BEN PESTA** tells how the health of all Americans is under full-scale attack by thousands of dangerous man-made chemicals. From the carcinogens found in ordinary soft drinks to toxic dump sites like upstate New York's Love Canal, these substances threaten our food, water and air—indeed, our very lives. There are ways to fight back, though, and Pesta has included a step-by-step survival guide. The former Editorial Director of CHIC, Pesta has written for *High Times*, *Esquire*, *Rolling Stone*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour*, *Oui*, *True*, *New West* and HUSTLER. A lawyer as well as a writer, he authored our *Legal Survival Guide*, in the September 1980 issue. The accompanying photograph is by HUSTLER Contributing Photographer **LADI VON JANSKY**, whose work has also appeared in *Vogue* and *Penthouse*.

On the lighter side of life, our February profile provides a rare, behind-the-scenes look at **WILLIAM GAINES: MAD MAGAZINE'S ECCENTRIC PUBLISHER**. The creator and guiding spirit of the world-renowned publication of outrageous satire, Gaines is every bit



Cover by Clive McLean

as zany as *Mad* itself. He's a 285-pound clown with a penchant for world travel, fine wine, and women who do exactly as they're told. We couldn't have selected anyone more qualified to write about Gaines than **FRANK JACOBS**. A staffer at *Mad* for 23 years, Jacobs penned the publisher's definitive biography, *The Mad World of William M. Gaines* (Lyle Stuart, Inc.). His articles have been published in *Playboy*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Punch*, *Oui* and *Saturday Review*. The portrait of Gaines was rendered by **PAT DUNN**, who also illustrated last month's profile subject, hoax artist Alan Abel. Besides HUSTLER, Dunn's work has appeared in *GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION* and *CHIC*.

This month's fiction, **THE EYES OF A KILLER**, is an action-packed tale of sex and tragedy set in World War II England. The story is by **LEIGH VANCE**, a veteran writer and producer for films and TV and a founding member of the Writers' Guild of Great Brit-

ain. Vance's numerous credits include such television series as *The Avengers*, *Cannon*, *Mission: Impossible*, *Mannix* and *The Saint*. Vance also provided our December 1980 fiction, *Killing Time*. The companion artwork is by **ROGER BERGENDORFF**, whose recent commissions include ads for Yamaha motorcycles and A&M Records, and contemporary greeting cards for Paper Moon Graphics. The talented Bergendorff illustrated our January panel discussion, *The Pros and Cons of Gun Control*.

The inherent difference between male and female sexual behavior is the subject of February's *Sex Play*, by **STEPHANIE ROSS**. Many feminists and psychologists have insisted that men are traditionally more promiscuous than women because society teaches us to behave that way. In **WHY MEN HAVE STRONGER SEX DRIVES**, Ross discusses a new theory which argues that the difference is due not to social conditioning, but to patterns of genetic biology that have evolved over thousands of years. A graduate of California Institute of the Arts in Valencia, Ross is HUSTLER's Research Director and editor of our monthly *Advise & Consent* column. **BOB BISHOP**, whose work appears frequently in HUSTLER and CHIC, is responsible for the accompanying art.

Television star **JAIME LYN BAUER** is one woman whose genes evolved very nicely, as you'll discover in this month's nude-celebrity exclusive. A regular on the popular CBS soap opera *The Young and the Restless*, Jaime Lyn bares all in this stunning photo-spread by **AUGUSTIN GREGORY**.

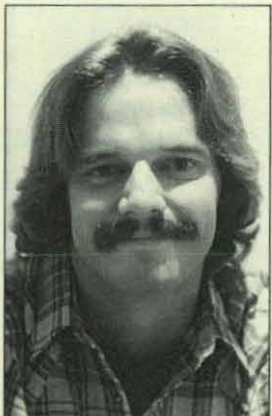
From the deadly serious to the sublimely sexual, there's something of interest for everyone in our February issue. Now it's up to you to savor it.



Ben Pesta



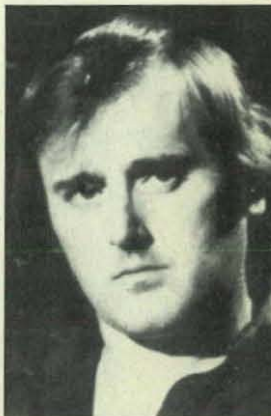
Frank Jacobs



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Sodom and Gomorrah
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Inside Marilyn Chambers
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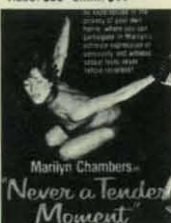
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Tipi Encore: *Tipi: Good as Gold* (top photo) in the December 1980 issue has to be one of your most luscious center-fold-spreads ever. Her plump ass and beautiful face made the whole issue worth its weight in real gold. Let's see more of her.

—B. F.
Louisville, Kentucky

Check out *Tipi & Dawn: Coming Together* (pages 42-51), which features HUSTLER's November and December 1980 centerfold Honeys getting into each other.

Sick People? All you sick people at HUSTLER have just lost yourselves another customer. Your cartoon depicting a "Richard Pryor Marathon" (center) in the November 1980 issue was the last straw. I threw all my HUSTLERs into the fire and will stick with my two-year stack of *Penthouses*. I bet you don't have the guts to print this.

—R. Luke
Vero Beach, Florida

I am not an extremely religious person, but I do have respect for God and Jesus Christ. I strongly object to HUSTLER's continuing mockery of Our Father in stupid cartoons and jokes, which aren't even funny. I hope you all go straight to hell with no chance of ever getting into heaven.

—R. A.
Alliance, Nebraska

I'm tired of hearing so many people complain about HUSTLER's "sick" cartoons and "gross" humor. Obviously, the concept of satire is over their heads, and social comments are beyond their comprehension.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

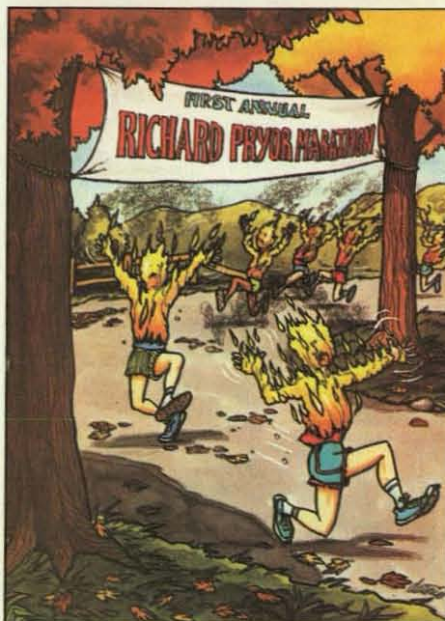
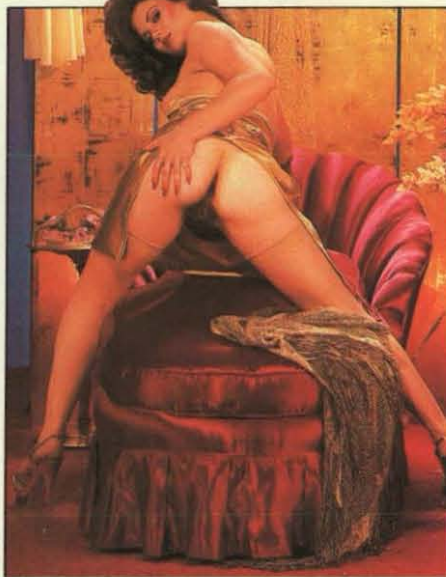
Spread Comments: Your December 1980 photo-feature *Kelly: Warming Up* (bottom photo) was as hot as a trip to the equator. Kelly's wet, tan body has warmed me up on more than one bone-chilling night here in the Snow Belt. What a cock-raiser!

—P. J. Wright
Green Bay, Wisconsin

I have enjoyed reading HUSTLER for some time now, but I would like to comment on some of your photo-features. In recent issues I've noticed an unusual number of girl/girl spreads. I think I can understand your readers' enjoyment of these, but every other month is too much.

—Lisa Barbour
Sunnyvale, California

I don't object to your photo-spreads of young women, but why not give us older fellas a break and show some older gals? I would like to nominate 41-year-



old Janette from Auckland, New Zealand, an entry in the December 1980 *Beaver Hunt*. When I saw her beautiful hairy cunt, my cock stood straight up. She has great legs, graceful hands, and I'm dying to see the tits that go with that incredible body.

—A. Semala
Cleveland, Ohio

Your photo-feature *Stud Service* in the November 1980 issue of HUSTLER has been viewed with delight. It broke through the barrier of prejudice and has liberated white girls for the ultimate in sexual satisfaction. You are to be commended for this progressive action toward improving better sex relations between the races.

—J. Merit
Greenville, Mississippi

I have been reading HUSTLER for more than five years, and it bothers me that you have never done a photo-feature of a large, beautiful woman. Many are absolutely stunning even though they may weigh up to 300 pounds. I'm sure you could find some lovely gal who is tall, but heavy and still very alluring. Many men would be delighted, as most large women who take pride in their appearances are real turn-ons.

—L. Ronald Johnson
Keene, New Hampshire

Black and White: In your December 1980 *Feedback* some white, pig-fucking slut made a complete ass of herself, talking shit about screwing niggers ("Minority Opinions"). I'd bet both my balls and my nine-inch shaft that Mandy of Spokane, Washington, is uglier than a bag of assholes and that there isn't a decent white man who would touch her. Print this letter, because I need to be heard on this issue.

—Eric
Wheaton, Maryland

We're printing your letter so you can be heard, but we hate contributing to noise pollution.

The *Feedback* section in your December 1980 issue was a real trip—especially the letter from Mandy of Spokane, Washington. If she's into blacks, so be it. Whatever turns her on. But she shouldn't sell others short because of their shade. Furthermore, if black men have bigger pipes, they must all have Irish blood!

—J. H.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I've been dying from hysteria, reading all the comments in *Feedback* about blacks having bigger cocks and therefore being better lovers. I'm still laugh-

ing. Any guy who thinks he's instantly a good lover because he's got a big cock is full of shit. I've had black, red, brown and white guys. Men with big dongs think all they have to do is shove it in and out and *pow!*—instant heaven.

I'd sooner have a man with five inches who knows how to use it than one who thinks touching unknown territory is all there is to loving. What a guy lacks in size he can surely make up for in quality. And with us women, it's quality that counts.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Sex and Sin: In your December 1980 issue someone wrote a letter in *Feedback* accusing HUSTLER of increasing sex crimes, immorality, perversions and homosexuality ("Flynt's Views"). The letter-writer stated that God hates pornographers and Larry Flynt.

My wife and I believe this is wrong. As the Bible clearly states, God loves everyone—sinners and Christians alike. Larry Flynt is a good publisher, and there is no reason to call him a sinner. Larry, you're doing a really great job.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Tom Landry: Your argument for naming Dallas Cowboys head coach Tom

Landry as "Asshole of the Month" in the December 1980 issue seemed a bit one-sided. Big deal if Landry is a prude—who cares? The asshole was the clever prosecuting attorney who called for Tom's honest opinion about the allegedly obscene film. He knew the idolizing-sports-fan jury would agree with their hometown hero. So don't blame Landry for the guilty verdict handed down to the poor clerk who recommended the film. Blame the "open-minded" jury and the prosecutor.

—Robin McReynolds
Fort Worth, Texas

The jury and prosecutor in that case do deserve a certain amount of blame for the decision, but they had a reason to be in the courtroom, and Landry did not. It is a big deal that a football coach used his position to influence the outcome of an obscenity trial, testifying as an "expert" witness. If the Cowboys coach had kept his opinions out of the courtroom, we wouldn't have cared that he's a prude.

Foot-Freak: HUSTLER really outdid itself for us foot-freaks in the December 1980 issue. The "Toe Job" story in *Kinky Korner* was excellent, and we always appreciate the consideration you give us when we get to see those hot,

sweet HUSTLER Honeys with their gorgeous feet naked and exposed. Those horny toe-shots certainly help us "keep it up"!

—C. E. T.
Burbank, California

Feature Flak: Your December 1980 profile *Al Davis: Pro Football's Maverick Mastermind* made the Oakland Raiders' owner sound like a hero instead of a bum. All I can say is, Los Angeles can have him and his kick-'em-in-the-balls brand of football. I can't wait for the L.A. fans to boo Al "Hollywood" Davis out of the Coliseum like they did the Rams.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Al Davis, HUSTLER's December 1980 profile subject, may know football, but he doesn't know a thing about loyalty. The loyalty he's gotten from his fans the last ten years has been enough to sell out every game.

Don't feed me this crap about his going broke if he doesn't move the Raiders out of Oakland. And don't hand me this shit about the Oakland Coliseum not giving him the improvements he wants. The Oakland A's got what they wanted because they were willing to sit down and discuss it.

The Raiders are still my number-one team, but they haven't had a single sell-out this year, and that should tell Davis how his fans feel. He may want the additional money and power he can grab in Los Angeles, but we Oakland fans are the ones who made him rich. Go ahead, Al, stab us in the back. You may be able to take the team, but you'll never take away the respect I have for head coach Tom Flores and every member of the great Raider team past and present.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I was pleased that you gave some publicity to Lyndon LaRouche in your November 1980 political issue, but when I read the garbage you printed about him, I had to write. Michael Chance's profile stated that LaRouche is an anti-Semite. Being very close to the National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC), I say Mr. Chance is so full of shit, his breath stinks.

When LaRouche speaks about "the British," he is referring not to the Jews but to the historical conspiracy of the "Round Table," which has been led by superbankers like the Rothschilds. They happen to be Jews, but are also partners with the Anglo-Saxon Rockefellers.

Incidentally, it was the NCLC and LaRouche's Labor Party that first exposed and publicized the CIA's Operation Mind Control, as well as the

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Trilateral Commission, before the news media.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I read your article *White House Sex Scandals*, in the November 1980 issue, and was disgusted with HUSTLER's shot at John F. Kennedy. I saw how quick you were to print smut in the man's memory, but how readily would you print something on the benefits we received from him? Kennedy gave his life in the service of his country, and his memory should be treated with respect.

—Pat D. Halchuck
Strasburg, Ohio

I am writing about your November 1980 article *America's 10 Worst Congressmen*, in which you condemned Mississippi Congressman Jamie L. Whitten's endorsement of pesticides. I feel that I must take a stand when you start giving farmers hell for using chemicals to produce food. A lot of congressmen are assholes, I agree, but so are Environmental Protection Agency people.

HUSTLER should take a closer look at this whole chemical issue. I'm sorry, but I like cabbage with no worms, meat processed in insect-free factories and cotton clothes that are possible because the cotton wasn't eaten by the boll weevil. When used wisely, chemicals are

a necessary part of life. If you catch the clap, you get penicillin shots—a chemical. You keep food and beer cold in the fridge with Freon—a chemical. Hell, HUSTLER Magazine is printed with ink—a chemical.

—Mark T. Bent
Minto, North Dakota

Whitten's anti-environmentalist stands and self-serving support for the pesticide industry (specifically concerning his advocacy of the carcinogenic pesticide Mirex) made him deserving of inclusion in that article. We gave Whitten hell, not America's farmers.

But regarding your own enthusiasm for chemicals, read this month's feature You Are Being Poisoned!—Deadly Chemicals Are Everywhere, beginning on page 56. Of course, there are safe chemicals that contribute to our well-being. But far too many deadly ones are allowed into our homes and environment without proper testing in the name of progress.

Erotic Massage: Your November 1980 issue's *Sex Play*, "How to Give an Erotic Massage," was very helpful. By reading HUSTLER, I seem to know more about sex every month. Keep up the good work.

—Raul Hernandez
San Francisco, California

Drinking and Driving: I have never written to a magazine before, but I was

so moved by your "Gasoline and Alcohol Don't Mix" public-service ads that I felt compelled to write. They may be gross, but they are all the better for it.

How anyone could continue to drink and drive after seeing them is beyond me. If I go over my limit now, I don't drive. I hope you continue printing these ads. If you have saved one life, they have been worthwhile.

—Doug Reinholdt
Martensdale, Iowa

While reading your September 1980 issue, I came across one of your public-service advertisements, entitled "Gasoline and Alcohol Don't Mix." I used to be on a rescue squad, and that was an average scene for the weekend and holidays. Way to go, HUSTLER. You really know how to get the point across.

—Paul Peterson
San Francisco, California

Fur Defense: I'm writing in answer to the November 1980 *Feedback* letter from the guy who complained about HUSTLER's using real fur in a photo-feature ("Fur Crazy"). Who is this moron to condemn the fur business and the trappers and hunters for the slaughter of animals? Would he rather see them suffer from rabies and die a slow, lingering death? If he loves animals so much, I can send him hundreds of rabid skunks from Wisconsin to keep in his house as pets.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Dirty Work: I am responding to Mike McAfee's letter in the November 1980's *Feedback* column. He complained about having to compete with illegal aliens for work, and said he would even accept a low-paying job. That's a lot of bull. I've run into people who wouldn't take a job digging ditches because it was dirty work and the weather was too hot. If all these so-called clean-cut, all-American men would get off their asses and fill up these jobs, there wouldn't be any work left for the aliens. If that were the case, we wouldn't have any illegal aliens in the United States.

—Joe Goding
Tucson, Arizona

Air Force Blues: I have been an avid reader of HUSTLER for many years, but I do have one gripe. I have been in the military for close to three years, and I get pissed off every month when I see that HUSTLER offers a 50% discount to servicemen overseas. How about helping those of us at home also?

—Sergeant Jerry F. Kalinyak
Mather Air Force Base, California

That discount is offered because we recognize that overseas assignments are generally hard-ship posts.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO A.W., ITHACA, NY

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

The woman chosen to be "Penthouse" magazine's 1980 Pet of the Year rejected the title and the \$300,000 in prizes at the award ceremony held in New York's Lincoln Center. Isabella Ardigo, a 28-year-old fashion model from Rome, said she decided not to accept the honor "at the last minute as I started to read the speech they wrote for me." She went on to say, "I learned that people's reaction to this magazine is not so favorable." "Penthouse" publisher Bob Guccione said her prize money would probably go to New York's Metropolitan Opera as a donation. Ardigo said the money should go to a cancer fund.

According to news reports, the head of Puritan Fashions Corporation has been fired because he was censoring television commercials for Calvin Klein designer jeans. Warren Hirsch, president of Puritan, the company that manufactures the jeans, said he pulled the messages off the air because "they were a little too sensuous." The commercials in question feature child star Brooke Shields and a close-up of the front of her jeans. In one of the scenes Shields says, "There's nothing that comes between me and my Calvin's." Hirsch was fired after a dispute with designer Calvin Klein.


The Florida Division of Alcoholic Beverages and Tobacco is trying to revoke the liquor license of a North Miami Beach nightclub that features men who dance in the nude. In response, the club is charging "sex discrimination," pointing out that while women dancers are free to disrobe in public, male dancers who do so face a jail sentence under Florida law. State alcoholic-beverage official John Harris made the peculiar statement that "when a female is dancing nude, she's not exposing her sexual organs. When a male is dancing nude, he is."

European researchers are warning pregnant women that smoking can cause damage to the umbilical cord--the "lifeline" between a baby's navel and its mother's nourishing placenta. In a new study by E. D. Zwolsman of Erasmus University in Rotterdam, the Netherlands, nine out of 12 mothers who smoked at least ten cigarettes a day were found to have major abnormalities in the umbilical cord's inner lining. These included cell damage, oversized cells and rough or partly injured cells with clots stuck to them. No such damage was detected in 15 of 18 other mothers who did not smoke during pregnancy.

A health and safety director of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union says U. S. industry is pressuring millions of American women to undergo sterilization in order to keep their jobs. Anthony Mazzocchi says companies are concerned that exposure to hazardous chemicals in the workplace might cause women to give birth to deformed children. But instead of removing these substances, the union official claims, some firms are advising workers to submit to operations to make themselves infertile. Women who refuse to have the operations must accept lower-paying jobs or leave their companies, Mazzocchi says.

A British physician says overseas travel can increase the risk of unwanted pregnancies for women who take birth-control pills. In "Mims Medical Magazine," Dr. Kathleen Draper of the British Institute of Psychosexual Medicine said that vomiting and diarrhea associated with ingesting foreign water and food can prevent the Pill from being properly absorbed in the body.

An antirape weapon has been developed that can stun a would-be attacker with a powerful electrical shock. Developed by a team of scientists at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the device is worn on the wrist like a watch, and contains two battery-operated electrodes. When it is placed against the skin of an attacker, the electrodes stun the rapist and allow the victim to escape. The device is presently being sold by the Kinecept Company in Cambridge, Massachusetts, under the product name Zapper.

A new telephone system that flashes the caller's number across a screen could discourage people from making obscene phone calls. The system is designed to allow a person being called to decide whether to answer the phone. Upon receiving an obscene call, a person could simply jot down the number on the screen and notify authorities. Although the system isn't available to the public yet because of its high cost, a prototype has been installed by police in Chicago to monitor calls to the department's 911 emergency number. A spokesperson says it's working so well there that "the crank caller . . . will have to find another way to get his jollies." 

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So, when you pay good money for a machine or a set of fancy equipment, you're buying a gimmick. You can accomplish *exactly the same exercise value*, get exactly the same results, without the machine—**IF YOU KNOW HOW!** What's more, since machines and weights put a tremendous amount of stress on weak, underdeveloped muscles, they can *actually cause more harm than good*.

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In my years as an athlete and as an "iron pumper," I've seen hundreds of men get ready for strenuous competition. Each had his own personal mannerisms. Each had favorite warm-up exercises. But over the years, I noticed a simple, common thread that was common to all. *I actually discovered the simple locker room secret that the pros use to build up their bodies in just 90 seconds!*

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You'll **FEEL** stronger! You'll **LOOK** healthier, your body will be **FAR MORE ATTRACTIVE!** I'm not talking about tiny differences you can measure with a tape—I'm talking about *great changes* you'll begin to feel yourself, you'll notice in the mirror, your friends will notice on the beach!

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Frankly, it'll cost you \$7.00 to find out. After all, a secret as good as this one, a secret that will make your body stronger, healthier, better looking is worth \$7.00! But I'll give you a hint. It's a combination of the principles of *both* isometrics and isotonic. I call it "Tonometrics." And it requires no special equipment, no fancy gym. You can use my "tonometric" techniques and special "tonometric" exercises in your bedroom, bathroom, even in your office during your coffee break!

There are 18 special exercises in all, one for each of the 18 major muscle groups in your body. And each exercise takes just 5 seconds to do.

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15	up to 100%	35	up to 180%
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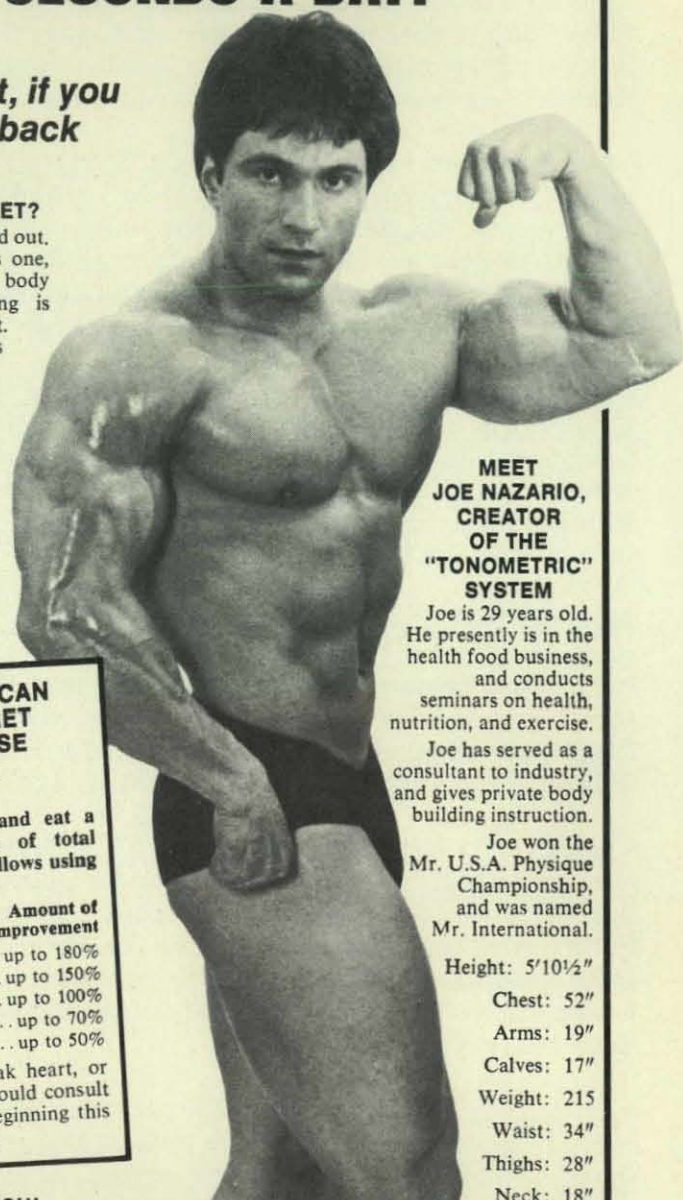
Of course, if you have a weak heart, or any physical disability, you should consult with your physician before beginning this or any other exercise program.

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That way, you'll have plenty of time to try my amazing "tonometric" program, and decide for yourself if it's everything I say or not. **IF YOU'RE NOT ABSOLUTELY THRILLED, SIMPLY RETURN THE MATERIAL AND I'LL SEND BACK YOUR CHECK!**

What could be fairer than that? Since you've got nothing to lose, and only a beautiful, strong, firm body to gain, why not send me the coupon, and the check for \$7.00, today?



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Joe is 29 years old. He presently is in the health food business, and conducts seminars on health, nutrition, and exercise.

Joe has served as a consultant to industry, and gives private body building instruction.

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: **HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Endless Fantasies: I am a 19-year-old male who has a lot of sexual daydreams. But on some days it seems like I have them almost constantly. Is there anything wrong with having these fantasies, and is it abnormal to have them so often?

—G. T.

Ames, Iowa

According to Dr. Alexander N. Levay of Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, sexual daydreams are healthy, and it's normal to have them frequently on days when your sex drive is at its peak. Dr. Levay says fantasies are only harmful if they function as a way to abstain from actual sexual experiences. Evaluate your fantasy habits and determine if you're using them to avoid the real thing. If not, you have nothing to worry about.

Hypnotic Sex: Can a woman be hypnotized into having sex against her will? A friend of mine says it happened to her recently, but I find it hard to believe.

—T. S.

Bossier City, Louisiana

Most experts are doubtful that hypnotism can force a person into doing something he or she normally wouldn't do. Dr. Owen Surman of Harvard Medical School says "Coitus engaged in by a female subject under hypnosis would be more likely the result of ordinary seduction than of compulsion." In other words, your friend was probably seduced, not "forced."

However, other doctors have maintained that if a subject believes he or she can be forced to do something under hypnotic suggestion, the hypnotist might be able to get that person to act against his will. Hypnotism may also function as a way to repress inhibitions. If a woman subconsciously wants to be hypnotized into having sex, it's possible that she may use the hypnotic spell as an excuse to fuck!

Chicken-Fucker: I am writing in response to a letter in your *Advise & Consent* column (September 1980) about chicken-fucking. You replied that you do not advocate chicken-fucking, since it usually kills the bird.

Having been a chicken-fucker myself

from the age of 13 to 17 (when I left the farm), I learned a way to do it without killing them. I used full-grown hens that were laying eggs daily, because they always have larger openings. I would break them in gradually by penetrating a little each day until I could insert my penis all the way. This usually took about a week. I would break in two hens at once, and afterward I would alternate hens each day. I fucked one chicken for almost two years—and she was killed by a fox, not by me.

I'm not proud of my past as a chicken-fucker, but I do feel it was a good outlet. I did not suffer from any physical or mental problems after doing it. I am now 33 years old and have been happily married for ten years.

—D. R.

Woodland Hills, California

Certainly, your solution shows a lot of American ingenuity and is far preferable to killing the birds in a brutal, single fuck. However, we maintain that masturbating is probably a kinder outlet when no human sex partners are available.

Mouth-Lover: My husband is a 26-year-old construction worker. As long as we've been together, he's preferred to come in my mouth instead of in my vagina. Even in the middle of intercourse he'll often pull out, grab me by

the shoulders and shove his cock into my mouth. I enjoy this, and I don't mind swallowing his cum. But I'd also like to have him ejaculate in my vagina once in a while, which he rarely does. When he does come in my cunt, he seems disappointed. What can I do about this?

—J. P.

Des Plaines, Illinois

Have you tried talking to him when your mouth isn't full? Frequently, people just aren't aware of their partners' sexual preferences if they are not told about them. Your husband obviously gets a big kick out of coming in your mouth. He is unlikely to change unless you let him know what you want and are willing to reach some sort of compromise.

Some men feel more comfortable coming in a woman's mouth because there is no danger of pregnancy. It is often a more dominant sexual position, and he may favor it for that reason. Talk to your husband about why he prefers coming in your mouth, and let him know that you'd like for him to ejaculate in your vagina from time to time. He may be willing to accommodate your desires as long as he gets equal mouth time.

First Time: I am an 18-year-old male who had sex for the first time a few weeks ago. I was pretty drunk at the time, but I still remember everything



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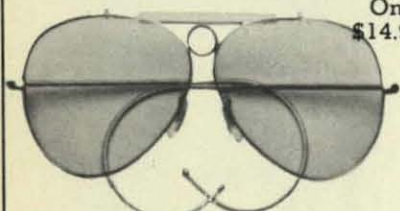
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that happened. The girl was 24 years old and heavyset. She was pregnant and not at all tight. I didn't like the feeling at all, and I didn't even come. I would have felt better just jacking off. What's wrong with me?

—B. P.
Butte, Montana

The fact that you were "pretty drunk" probably had a lot to do with why the experience wasn't enjoyable. You've got to be awake and aware to fully appreciate sex, from both a psychological and physical point of view. Heavy drinking will dull your senses and make it difficult to reach orgasm. (For more information, see "Alcohol and Sex" in the December 1980 *Advise & Consent*.)

Don't give too much importance to one sexual experience that didn't happen to be very good. The next time you are with a woman it may be fantastic! After a few more sexual adventures, it's highly unlikely that you will prefer jacking off.

Aphrodisiacs: How can my girlfriend and I learn more about aphrodisiacs? We love playing around with all kinds of sexual enhancers, but we haven't found enough information on aphrodisiacs to satisfy us.

—F. T.
Emporia, Kansas

There aren't any magical pills or potions to instantly turn on the partner of your choice. But there are substances that have aphrodisiacal qualities to the extent that they can augment your sexual performance and reduce inhibitions. A good source for the kind of information you are looking for is a book entitled *Aphrodisia*, by Gary Seldon. He claims that we know less about aphrodisiacs today than people did centuries ago. His book examines all the facts, folklore and fantasies behind the broad range of alleged sexual stimulants, and lists an amazing variety of herbs, drugs and foods. In addition, Seldon discusses the aphrodisiacal qualities of cocaine and marijuana.

If you can't find this book in a local bookstore or library, you can order it from E. P. Dutton, Special Sales, 2 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. The cost is \$6.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling. You may also want to read *HUSTLER's Sex Play* entitled "Aphrodisiacs," in the May 1979 issue. These two sources are sure to satisfy you and your lover.

Wife-Beater: I am a 23-year-old man who beats his wife. I am not proud of this, and I want to change. Why do I beat her? I love my wife very much and don't want to hurt her. How do I get help?

—J. L.
Los Angeles, California

In Los Angeles, contact *Alternatives to Violence* at 213-626-4357 (MAN-HELP).

The group offers free individual counseling sessions and a follow-up series of group educational-therapy sessions for men who batter their wives. Also YMCAs and YWCAs throughout the United States have programs for both men and women involved in wife-abuse relationships. The Battered Women Services of the Los Angeles YWCA provides counseling for men. Its phone number is 213-547-9343.

Sandy Goldman, a spokeswoman for *Alternatives to Violence*, says the reasons for your behavior are probably complex and individualistic. However, counseling can help you to understand why you beat your wife. Your desire to change is a big step in the right direction. For more information on this subject, read *HUSTLER's* in-depth article *Wife Abuse: Till Death Do Us Part*, in the July 1979 issue.

Bare News: I am interested in nudism, but I am unable to find any nudist magazines in the local bookstores. Please let me know where I can obtain them. Also, I'd like to know how I can write to the National Nudist Council.

—L. B.
Toledo, Ohio

A free, illustrated list of nudist publications is available from Publications Manager, The Fun Club, P.O. Box 432-NR, Bellflower, California 90706. This list gives details of nudist books, newspapers, magazines and information sheets. Included is a complimentary sample copy of The Fun Club's new "Nudist Newsletter." The newsletter and the publications listed give the latest information on activities at nudist parks, clubs, beaches and resorts in the U.S. and around the world.

You can write the National Nudist Council at Tippicanoe, Ohio 44699 (telephone: 419-875-6564).

Group Sex: My husband and I like to engage in group sex, but we've had trouble finding nice people who don't turn their noses down at the idea. How do we find couples like ourselves?

—L. G.
Fairlawn, New Jersey

There are a number of active swing clubs on the East Coast. Contacting or joining one is probably your best bet for finding other couples who enjoy group sex. Some of the largest ones near you are: The Scene Social Club (c/o Linda and Bob Saieva, 1568 Mount Ephraim Avenue, Camden, New Jersey 08104); Our Gang (P.O. Box 803, Fairlawn, New Jersey 07410); and The Underground (c/o Don & JoJo Hughes, P.O. Box 197, Village Station, New York, New York 10014).

You may also want to start subscribing to *Frolic*, which is an East Coast magazine for swingers. You can subscribe by writing P.O.

Box 412, Ithaca, New York 14850. Also, take a look at the classified ads in HUSTLER's sister publications, GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION and CHIC, for swinging couples to write to in your area. You may also be interested in reading the *Sex Education* panel discussion entitled "Group Sex" in the February issue of GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION.

Wetting Solution: My husband and I were in the middle of making love once, and he said something that made me laugh so hard, I peed all over him. He loved the feeling. Now he wants to see me stand and pee through my panties. Although I've really tried, I just can't do it. What is my problem?

—G. H.

Duluth, Minnesota

Most people are influenced by strong social conditioning that teaches them to hold their urine until reaching a toilet. Your early training is probably keeping you from being able to pee anywhere but the bathroom. If you really want to reverse this conditioning in order to pee through your panties, try to do it while standing over a toilet at first, or even sitting down with your panties on. Practicing in an outdoor situation when you really need to urinate may also make it easier. Eventually you should be able to pee anywhere, anytime.

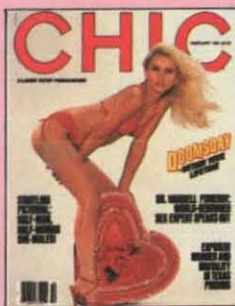
Nausea Remedies: I am a 24-year-old woman. My husband and I are talking about having a second child. During my first pregnancy I suffered from nausea and vomiting. A friend of mine took a drug called Bendectin for morning sickness, but when I asked my doctor for it, he said he'd prefer that I didn't take it. Is this drug safe? Are there any natural, nonchemical remedies? I'd like to be prepared for these symptoms before I get pregnant again.

—G. R.

Sacramento, California

Although Bendectin is still on the market in the U.S. and millions of women have used it successfully, the medication has been linked by many researchers to birth defects. Until further studies on Bendectin are conducted, it is not advisable to take this drug during pregnancy.

There are several natural alternatives that can help to relieve the nausea and vomiting associated with pregnancy. Midwives believe these symptoms indicate the body is lacking in crucial vitamins and minerals, and nutritionists often recommend B-complex vitamins. Many doctors advise women to avoid all fatty, greasy or highly spiced foods. They suggest you eat something easily digestible every two or three hours, especially when you get up in the morning and right before you go to bed at night. 🐾



THIS MONTH IN CHIC

FEBRUARY ISSUE ON SALE NOW



DOOMSDAY—Imagine your flesh being eaten away by skin cancer as the earth's protective ozone layer is destroyed. Or a holocaust of fire and choking fumes enveloping you when an asteroid plummets out of the heavens to shatter the world. Imagine a global winter that buries North America and Europe under a half-mile of ice. Lowell Ponte examines what some scientists believe may happen to our planet and mankind in the very near future.

HARD TIME IN TEXAS—The inmates at Texas Department of Corrections prisons claim they've been bludgeoned, forced to drink their own urine and raped by homosexuals. Treated like animals, they are now fighting back against the corruption and brutality of the system. Find out how the cons are making their legal break in this alarming exposé by Sandy Sheehy.

WARDELL POMEROY: KINSEY COAUTHOR SPEAKS OUT—For more than 38 years Dr. Wardell Pomeroy has studied human sexuality. His knowledge of sex and sex-related subjects has established him as a leader in his field. His work with Dr. Alfred Kinsey culminated in their collaboration on *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*. In CHIC's candid and revealing interview Dr. Pomeroy discusses his views on incest, sadomasochism and sexuality's role in family life.

MERCENARY WHORE—With the country exploding in rebellion, he found himself running for his life. He had money to trade, but the woman could only pay with her body. Together they discover that in a world gone mad, any currency can buy survival. Savage fiction from the pen of Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.

PLUS—A striking discussion of sexual spanking in *SEX LIFE*, a collection of the strange and bizarre in *ODDS & ENDS*, a gathering of playmates in *CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS*, and the inimitable lists of who's who and what's what in *CLOSE-UP* and *NEWS REAL*.

GENTLEMEN PREFER HUSTLER

Whether it's a cup of hot coffee or a hot-blond legend, nothing can pull Joe away from his latest issue of HUSTLER Magazine. After a long day of playing ball, a guy likes to curl up with a gor-

geous girl... especially 'if she's in the same pages as our hard-hitting articles and off-the-wall humor. Get a jolt like Joe by clipping out the coupon below and subscribing to HUSTLER.



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Bits & Pieces

When somebody goes out of his way to step all over the rights of other citizens, he makes himself a candidate to be "honored" on this page. When he tries to con the public into accepting his repressive ideas by flaunting his academic status, he's bought himself a lifetime membership in the club of certifiable assholes. That's exactly what Ernest van den Haag, HUSTLER's February Asshole of the Month, has done.

Van den Haag is one of those pointy-headed intellectuals who think their mission in life is to save the rest of us from our own tastes and preferences. When he's not teaching courses in social philosophy, he's running around the country, testifying for prosecutors trying pornography cases. This ivory-tower egghead actually thinks he has the right to help send people to jail because what they publish doesn't fit his idea of what's good for society.

What van den Haag is trying to tell the world is that sexually explicit pictures are obscene and, for the most part, should be outlawed. In so doing, he reveals an incredible elitism and disdain for the millions of Americans who read men's magazines. That's because he admits that in his opinion a picture of a couple



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Ernest van den Haag

making love is acceptable if it's shown in a museum, but obscene if it appears in the pages of a sex magazine.

He even goes so far as to say that eroticism in "a theater at which you've made a reservation and paid \$10" is okay, but 25¢ peep-shows are not, because they're more "public." It seems van den Haag's idea of morality is for only the rich to enjoy sexual material.

It's bad enough that this self-appointed crusader for censorship is trying to give respectability to the

bluenosed fundamentalists and misguided feminists who are attacking your right to read and look at what you want. But he recently tried to immortalize his twisted thoughts by writing a pro-censorship essay in *Policy Review*, an influential journal in the academic community. The logic and reasoning in this article are so off base that it's hard to believe it was written by a man who claims to be a scholar.

Van den Haag makes the unbelievable assertion that the First Amend-

ment's protection of free speech applies only to words and not to pictures, music, dancing or anything else. That absurd interpretation shows a complete ignorance of what the spirit of free speech is all about.

But van den Haag goes even farther. According to this bluenose, not all words are protected—only those words that are "vehicles for ideas."

We'd like to know just who is going to decide which words are appropriate if van den Haag's outrageous ideas are put into practice.

This professor's conclusion that "the Constitution gives us the right to outlaw pornography" is the same old dangerous bullshit that has been threatening our freedoms for years. He says frank depictions of sex are immoral and dangerous, but offers not a shred of evidence to support his contention. Are we supposed to accept his word just because he's earned some academic degrees? Fat chance!

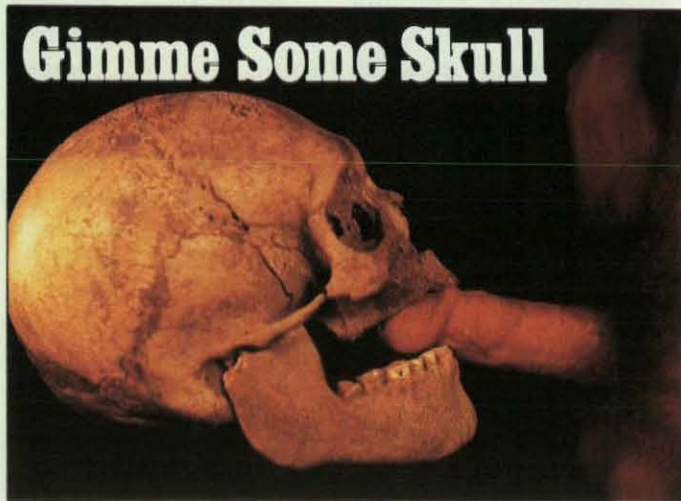
This country would be a lot better off if scholarly big-domes concentrated on protecting our individual liberties instead of trying to destroy them. The lives of Americans are interfered with enough without people like Ernest van den Haag poking their well-educated noses where they don't belong.



Painting a Still Life

Since babies are becoming as disposable as paper towels, this may be the only way to give them immortality. But those that do survive abortion, war, famine

and disease have a hard time finding a purpose in life. As a model, at least this one won't face the job problem most people dread—getting too old.



Gimme Some Skull

This photo was sent in by a reader with a common male problem. Some guys just take too long to come.

Down Memory Lane

Here's the box-top illustration from one of the earliest electric vibrators ever manufactured. Judging by the name Polar Cub and from the emerging sun behind the word *vibrator*, a frigid woman—even in those days—could thaw out with the help of an electrical device. What has changed drastically is the way women have orgasms.



The smiling lady in the oval is demonstrating a long-lost feminine achievement—the tracheal orgasm.

Go Pink, Young Man!

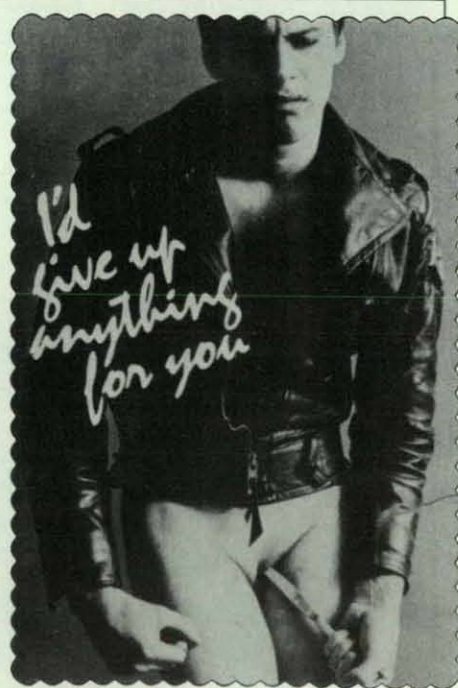
This fellow may be stuck at the crossroads, but at least he's looking in the right direction. Unfortunately, this reader's letter went on to say that instead of finding the hallowed halls of HUSTLER, he found a little town in south-central Wisconsin. The only thing HUSTLER's got in common with a small town in Wis-



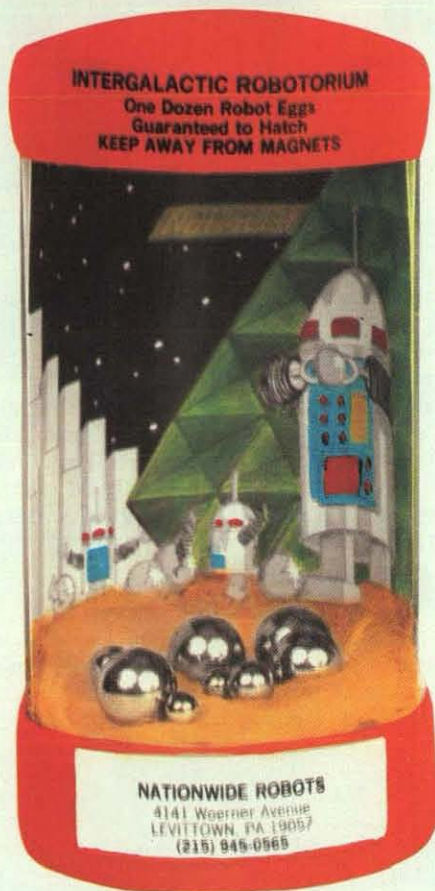
consin is that we both make you cream.

What's Wrong With This Picture?

We're still wondering about the sentiments that this strange postcard from T.N.T. Designs, Inc. (1621 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10028), really conveys. Judging just from the photograph, it's probably condolences for losing the family jewels.



Robot Eggs



Yes, we said "robot eggs." Nationwide Robots is now marketing these eggs with the guarantee that they *will* hatch within 1,000 years or you'll receive double your money back. That's a very generous offer.

With Pet Rocks facing virtual extinction, this novelty looks to be the next dumb fad that millions of Americans will fall for.

So if you want to spend \$8.95 plus a \$1 handling charge for various-sized steel ball bearings, send it to Nationwide Robots (4141 Woerner Avenue, Levittown, Pennsylvania 19057). We wonder if the company will accept silver-dollar eggs?

You Can Feel the Difference

Here's a T-shirt that calls for immediate action. This top is actually a promotional gimmick for a brand-new tanning lotion called Banana Tan. It's available from Banana Tan, Inc. (P.O. Box 39557, Phoenix, Arizona 85069), for \$6 plus 50¢ handling. We're not sure what it'll do for the tanning-lotion business, but it's definitely a new touch for T-shirts.



Makin' Maggots



How many times have you heard someone say, "I wish those fucking flies would get out of here!," and you wanted to correct them because the flies weren't fucking at all—they were just buzzing around? Well, this photo from a reader in Minnesota is to show you there are times when it's proper to call them "fucking flies." Unless these are both males, in which case they'd be "fucking fruit flies."

Signs of the Times

Cartoonist William Whitaker of Smyrna, Delaware, feels many unfortunate situations can be avoided if the proper

signs are posted—so he sent us some of his suggestions. Whitaker appears to be living by the adage "an ounce

of prevention is worth a pound of cure." But his signs make us question exactly what's in that ounce.



ABORTION CLINIC



NO BLACKS AFTER DARK



SLOW: SNIPER AHEAD



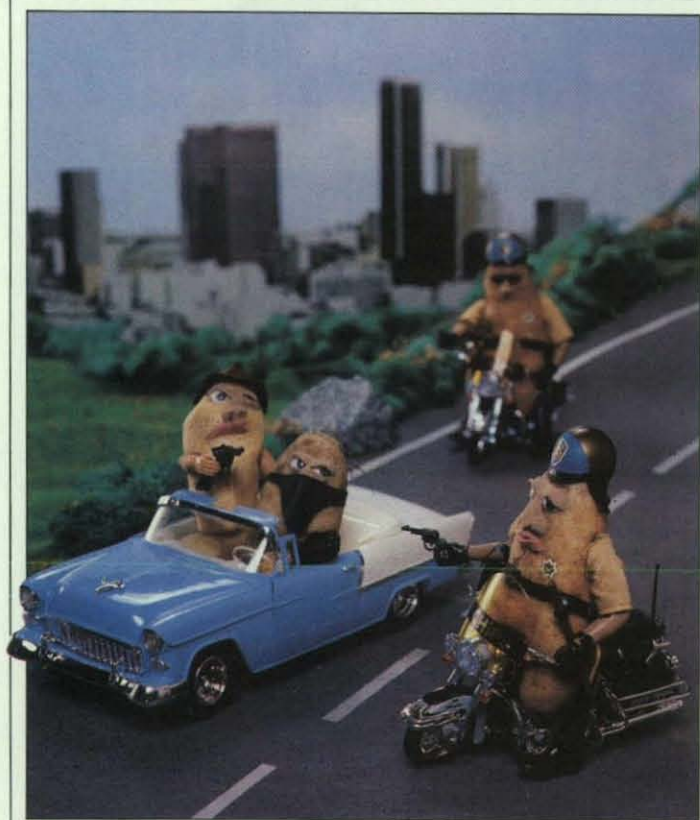
DANGER: SHARKS



NO FEMALE IMPERSONATORS ALLOWED



HIGH CRIME AREA



Potato CHiPs

These Highway Patrolmen may not be good-looking enough to get their own TV show like Erik Estrada and Larry Wilcox, but they get the job done. From the moment that getaway car peeled out in front of a bank,

these potatoes were hot on its trail!

And from what we hear, these motorcycle cops have something else in common with actors Estrada and Wilcox. They're a couple of real spuds.

10 MOST WANTED WOMEN

If you've ever wanted to see a celebrity snatch, here's your chance to do something about it. All you've got to do is send in your selection for Celebrity Muff of the Year. Then HUSTLER will offer 1 million bucks to any of the top ten vote-getters who'll agree to show pink for us. The results will be announced in our September 1981 issue; so get your votes in now! The deadline for all nominations is March 15, 1981. With celebrities looking for more and more exposure, this could be the year we get a taker!

I nominate _____
as Celebrity Muff of the Year

Mail to: Celebrity Muffs, *Bits & Pieces*, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Wet: A New Wave

Formerly known as the magazine of gourmet bathing, this punk/avant-garde/jet-set favorite has gone through a lot of changes in its four-year existence. Like Alice in Wonderland, it regularly changes in size from *Time*-size to *Life*-size, and the format has gone from absurd to tongue-in-cheek. Once available only at the hipper newsstands and headshops, *Wet* is now cropping up at L.A. supermarkets alongside the *National Enquirer*. An issue might deal with anything from Henry Kissinger's garbage to Mick Jagger's thoughts on

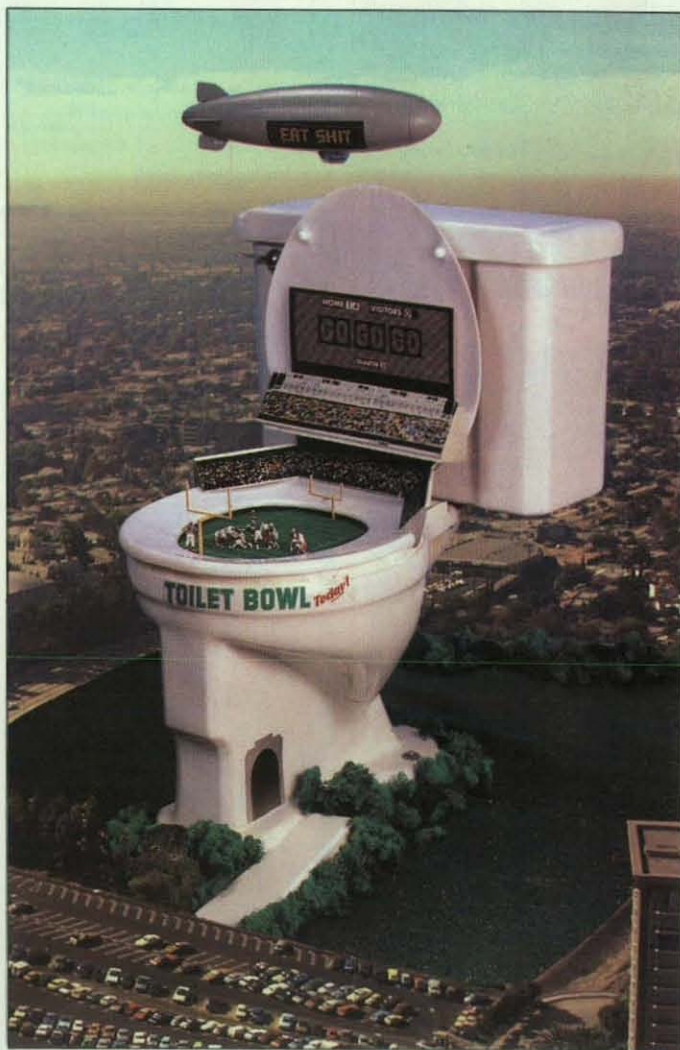


travel. If you want to know what the art and music crazies are up to, it now costs only \$2.25 to get *Wet* (2301 1/2 Main Street, Santa Monica, CA 90405).

The Toilet Bowl

You've heard of the Orange Bowl, Rose Bowl, Sugar Bowl and Cotton Bowl? Those games showcase the best col-

lege-football teams. How about a game for the *worst* teams? These guys play like shit; so this is where they belong.





Black Humor

Could the man in this interesting couple be Giscard d'Estaing, the President of France? Could he be trying to get to third base with a girl from the Third World? According to the headline that accompanied this photo on the cover of *Hara-Kiri* (10 rue des Trois-Portes, Paris, France 75005), President d'Estaing has unselfishly adopted this shapely Ugandan native. But never take this French humor magazine too seriously. It's one of the few publications in the world—besides *HUSTLER*—bold enough to do outrageous political satire.



Pick of the Litter

With all the intrigue surrounding Billy Carter's Libyan ties, Congress has shown a deep interest in his overseas dealings. Finally, at a Senate hearing, Billy volunteered to do what Congress has wanted to do for a long time—pick his brains.

Of course, the *Hara-Kiri* photo shown here has been cleverly and masterfully retouched to fool even the most discerning viewer's eye. Giscard is actually not wearing a tie.



Last But Not Least

It's time again for *HUSTLER REJECTS*, the magazine that proves once more there are no losers. Volume #4 is chock-filled with gorgeous girls who, for one reason or another, never made the grade to appear in *HUSTLER*. But you can say about a *HUSTLER Reject* what is often said about money—"It may not be the most important thing, but it's sure way ahead of whatever's in second place."

So don't be left out—pick up a copy at your local newsstand or by mail from Flynt Subscription Company, Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067), by sending \$2.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling.

Where There's Smoke... There's Farts

This reader-submitted photo of an altered sign in Akron, Ohio, proves that you can be a practical joker and do your community a service too. At least you don't get cancer from smoking farts. Of course, you don't get invited to a lot of parties.



Turtle Burger



According to the news reports, a Mexican company was caught trying to import 36½ tons of Ridley sea turtle meat. These turtles are an endangered species—especially now that there's 36½ tons less of them! But what surprised us was the big demand for turtle meat. Maybe this is how restaurants are fighting high beef prices. That would explain why the burgers we've eaten lately were so slow to digest.

Things
go
better
with ...



Heavy on the Mustard, Hold the Sperm

On first glance only the fine art of this illustration caught our eye. Upon a closer look, we realized that this ball-park frank had been circumcised. The illustration appeared in issue #9 of a hard-core swingers magazine called *The Sinners*

(Rio-Camino Corporation, P.O. Box 3497, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122). Most girls know that things go better with cock, but we don't know many who could swallow the whole thing. Nevertheless... we relish the thought.

Pyramid Power

The confused reader who sent in this photo said he'd been looking to cash in on one of those pyramid schemes that were so popular early last

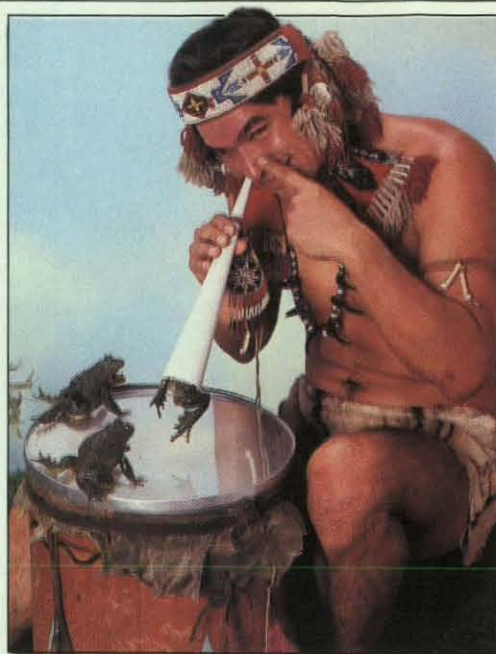
year on the West Coast. But when he finally found this one, he couldn't figure how to make a dime out of it.



Hop Head

A South Carolina researcher named Jeanne Runquist says the Cherokee Indians used to snort frogs to get high. Certain frog skins reportedly contain the chemical bufotenine, which can cause hallucinations when it's absorbed into the bloodstream through the nasal passages.

Since bufotenine can also be toxic, we strongly recommend that our readers not attempt this trick. Besides, part of the



method hasn't been passed on to modern man by the ancient Cherokee loadies—how to get those suckers into your nose.

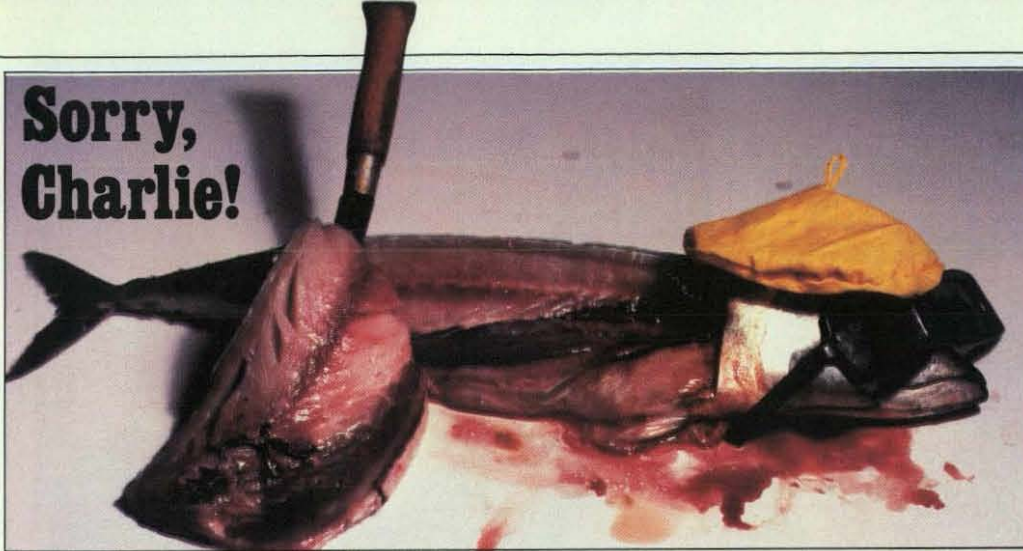


Playing With "Puddles"

It was about time that dolls like Betsy Wetsy had a counterpart in toy animals. That's why Hasbro Industries developed "Puddles." He can drink water and then eliminate it on his special training tray. We think

Hasbro missed the boat though. Look what "Puddles" could have done if the company had just taken his body functions to the logical tasteless extreme. Then he could have been called "Bow-wow-els."

Sorry, Charlie!



He's been asking for this a long time now. Unfortunately, it was one of our readers rather than

that fussy tuna company that finally hooked Charlie. But this photo ended up in the right

place. HUSTLER wasn't looking for pictures of tuna with good taste.

HUSTLER Update

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
October '80

Amnesty International is an organization dedicated to seeking out and publicizing violations of human rights. Looking further into the horrors of political torture, AI now claims that the Iraqi government may be ridding itself of political dissidents by giving them slow-acting poisons. The group claims that Iraqi political prisoners are given fruit juices or yogurts containing *thallium*, a substance that is widely used in commercial rat poisons. It slowly affects the nervous system, causing muscular paralysis and breathing difficulty. The tainted liquids are said to be given to the prisoners immediately before their release, but cause death shortly after they leave custody.



UP IN SMOKE
September '79

HUSTLER reported that American cigarette companies were pushing their product in Third World nations, where the association between smoking and cancer is not widely recognized. Now R. J. Reynolds Industries, Inc. (Camel, Winston, etc.), is opening its first cigarette factory in Red China. The president of the international division has purportedly said that it will promote the "full-flavor" brands. "Full-flavor" is an industry term for the dangerous high-tar brands, which are currently losing popularity in the U.S. because of their established link to lung cancer. Red China does not require a health warning on cigarette packaging.



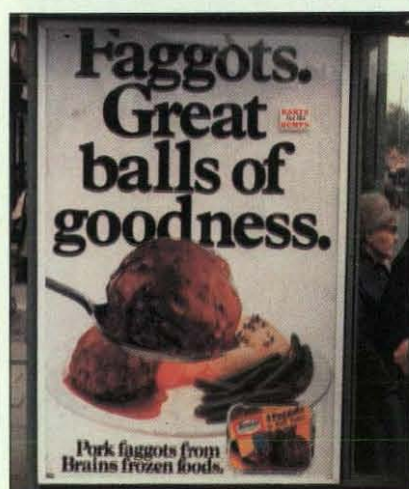
Roots

This photograph from a reader in Connecticut finally clears up the origin of an expression that we've often wondered about. Now we know where the saying "hung like a radish" comes from.

A Queer Idea

Thanks to the devoted reader who took this photograph during a trip to London, we know what citizens in England are doing about the alarming rise of homosexuality.

Eating faggot balls with gravy seems a little harsh though. Everybody knows fruit balls go better with a salad.



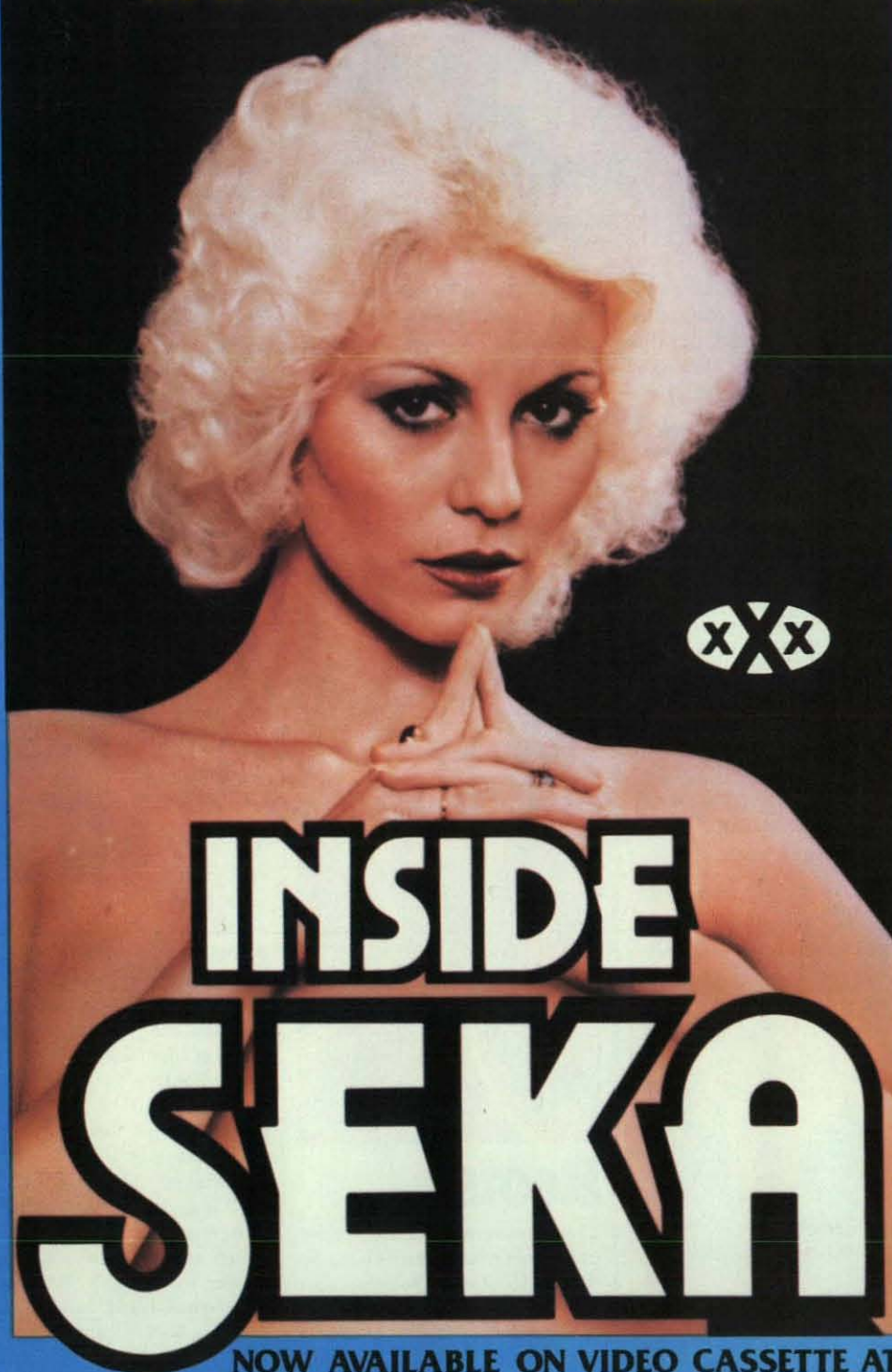
Most Tasteless Cartoon



"We just got word from the doctor. Milton has cancer."

Contributors We pay \$150 for interesting items for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For February, \$150 and thanks to William Whitaker, Dennis Warren, Gary Wobig, Bob Pierce, Stewart Manville, Curt Hoppe, Dale Bowden, Eugene Panczenko, J. Cifferelli, Kevin Johnston and J.R.K.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Jeffrey Ressler

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Exposed

Produced by Wesley Emerson; directed by Jeffrey Fairbanks; written by Randy Cole; starring John Leslie, Sharon Cain, George Spelvin, Kitty Shayne, John Seeman, Lysa Thatcher, Blair Morse and Mary Cruiser.

A lusty and revealing look into the world of porno films, *Exposed* is easily one of the hottest erotic movies ever made. Because it is about the inner workings of the adult-film industry, the performers portray characters who closely resemble their real lives. Consequently, the sex scenes are hotter than a two-for-one sale at a whorehouse, and extremely believable.

Exposed tells the tale of a retired porn star named Willie Gordon (John Leslie) who used to work for an unscrupulous producer played by George Spelvin. When the leading man in his latest flick quits, the producer decides Willie is the only suitable replacement.

There's just one snag though: Willie's now living the straight life in a suburban home with a pretty wife (Sharon Cain) who's unaware of his past carnal career. So when the porn mogul approaches him to take the part, Willie at first flatly refuses. Only through a devious blackmail scheme involving two beautiful seductresses does the producer convince Willie to star in the film.

Willie's problems are further



Blair Morse and Mary Cruiser are a pair of porn actors playing the part of porn actors in 'Exposed.'



'Exposed' features John Leslie getting his licks from pretty Lysa Thatcher.






complicated when his sexually voracious next-door-neighbor, played by Kitty Shayne, recognizes him and threatens to expose his identity. Subsequently, she too blackmails Willie—not, of course, for money, but for sex.

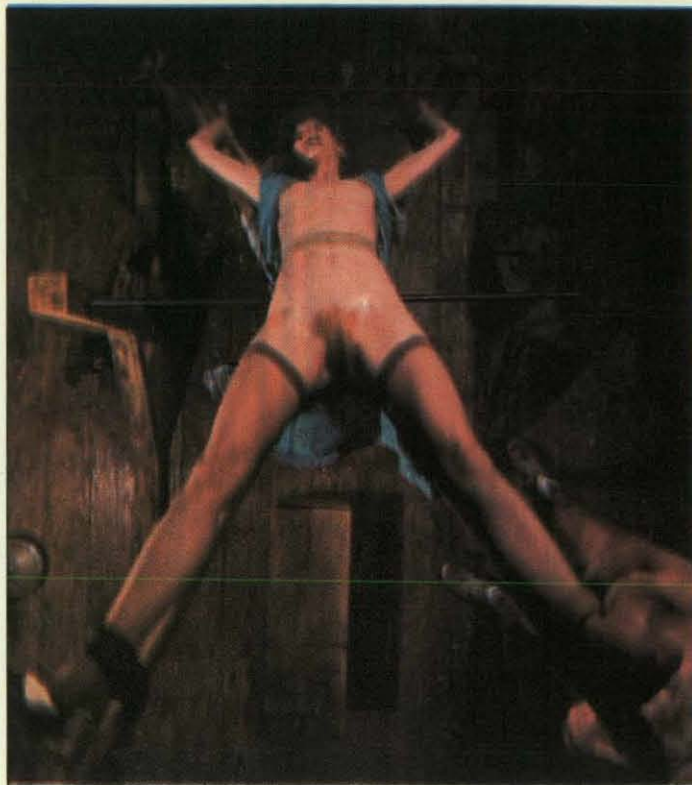
Everyone in the cast of *Exposed* delivers a dynamic performance, especially the supporting players. Kitty Shayne is particularly impressive. Together, she and John Leslie make a terrific team and are responsible for the film's most sexually explosive moments. Another talented actress is Lysa Thatcher, as an aspiring porn star who is shown hilariously rehearsing the lines "Oh, fuck me. Fuck me with that big, hard dick." John Seeman also gives a brief but bravura performance as the leading man who initially quits the producer's film, shouting, "I'm not a fucking animal!"

This X-rated epic contains everything that audiences could hope for—a clever story, superb lighting and camerawork, convincing acting, and sizzling sex action that makes most other adult films seem tame by comparison. Even the most discriminating lovers of erotic movies will agree that *Exposed* is a classic. —Manny Neuhaus

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.



Dorothy LeMay is held captive by a madman in 'Small Town Girls.'

Small Town Girls

Produced by William Dancer; directed and written by Tom Janovich; starring Serena, Dorothy LeMay, Jessie Adams, Shirley Wood, Valerie Darlyn, Kandi Barbour, John Seeman and Michael Morrison.

Rating this film was easy. It's a perfect example of mediocrity, the epitome of a so-so porn flick. *Small Town Girls*, the story of four contest finalists in a skin magazine's "Most Exciting Sexual Experience" competition, has a script that could have been written during a 15-minute coffee break. The premise of the contest is set up during the film's opening scene, and the winner is selected in the final one. The rest of the movie is merely standard, nonstop fucking and sucking.

The weak plot is all the more disappointing because *Small Town Girls* stars some of the most accomplished actresses in X-rated films. Dorothy LeMay portrays a girl abducted by a madman who ties her up and then rapes her repeatedly. Shirley Wood plays a woman who charts a yacht and rides both the boat and its captain into the sunset. And Valerie

Darlyn portrays a fortune-teller who helps couples with marital problems by fucking their husbands while their wives watch.

But Serena undoubtedly provides this film with its most redeeming moments. She's cast as a lady who rents a limo, picks up strangers and—with a snootful of cocaine and a dildo up her ass—performs several rousing blowjobs.

Although many of these hard-core scenes are first-rate and deliver plenty of solid eroticism, the technical execution of the segments is merely standard. *Small Town Girls* is the kind of listless smut that is quickly disappearing from the circuit as the new breed of talented filmmakers are spending more time and money on their projects.

Small Town Girls isn't an awful film, but neither is it a great masterpiece of erotica. You won't be throwing your money away if you go to see it; yet all you'll probably get out of it is a need to stay and catch the second feature. —M. N.

Kiss and Tell

Produced and directed by Suze Randall; written by Humphrey Knipe; starring Tipi Rocks, Loni Sanders, Dana Doe, Mike Ranger, Randy West, Jill

Johns, Mike Eyke and Becky Savage.

When Gerard Damiano's film *Deep Throat* first exploded into the American consciousness back in 1972, the media made a big deal about how it was the first porno film ever to have clever dialogue and some semblance of plot. Since that time, X-rated moviemakers have busted their balls to produce more-elaborate dirty movies, adding frills like complicated subplots and intricate character development.

Unfortunately, sometimes these frills reduce the amount of onscreen sex. In her directorial debut, Suze Randall has cut through all of the pretentious bullshit and delivered a film that's short on plot, but long on loads of hot, straight-ahead sex.

Kiss and Tell is about a wacky radio show that has listeners call in and discuss their torrid sex lives. The host, Dirty Dan Doodle (Mike Eyke), talks like Wolfman Jack and fucks like a jackhammer. A typical scene occurs when a rock 'n' roll groupie comes into the station and asks Dirty Dan for his autograph. The deejay replies,



Loni Sanders, who plays a Beverly Hills bitch, flips for Mike Ranger in the fully erect 'Kiss and Tell.'


"Sure, honey, just take your pants down," and they start to screw.

In another scene a would-be singer asks Dirty Dan to plug her new single. Of course, he says he has to "check out her vocal chords," and then proceeds to stuff her mouth with his dick.

The close-up action in the sex scenes is stupendous and intercut well with the rest of the film. The wildest part of *Kiss and Tell* involves a threesome inside the radio station. While Dirty Dan sticks his cock into a female admirer's cunt, the station manager slides his own tool into her asshole, and the result is a fuck scene that's sure to arouse the entire audience.

Many readers are undoubtedly familiar with director Suze Randall's photo-spreads in *HUSTLER* and *CHIC*. Here in *Kiss and Tell*, Suze gets the chance to bring her erotic vision to the large screen. Due to the small budget and short shooting schedule, there are a few problems with lighting and camera movement. But the sex scenes, most of which last ten minutes, are so amazingly realistic that even the bed-squeaks are right on cue. *Kiss and Tell* is an exciting debut by a shining talent. —J. R.

Starship Eros

 Produced by Wesley Emerson; directed and written by Scott McHaley; starring Lori Rodgers, Becky Saunders, Mike Ranger, Beth Evans, Linda Russell and Angela Emerson.

Starship Eros is a sci-fi sex-ploit about a group of space sluts who patrol the galaxy in rocket ships and whose crews include some humanlike robots programmed for fucking. Unfortunately, the women who star in this film can't act to save their asteroids, and the movie is a total flop.

These female space cadets must have studied the moon-rock method of acting, because they're light-years away from being anything but Milky Way bimbos. The failure of this film isn't entirely the cast's fault, however. The dialogue is trite, the plot and action even more so, and the sex scenes are about as rewarding as a leaky space suit.



Becky Savage steams up audiences in Suze Randall's 'Kiss and Tell.'

As *Starship Eros* opens, the audience is introduced to Commander Stella Venus (Lori Rodgers). She's the leader of The United Feminist Regime Fleet of Starships, an organization dedicated to zapping Earth's enemies.

Throughout the film, however, Venus does little more than steer her spaceship into meteor showers and masturbate every chance she gets. Her executive officer (Becky Saunders) falls in love with the ship's well-hung robot and is discovered by the commander.

As punishment for having unauthorized sex with the mechanical man, Commander Venus shoots a ray gun at the officer's cunt, making the woman writhe and jerk in pain. While the executive officer is recovering in her cabin, the ship's

communications officer (Beth Evans) consoles her with some of the worst cuntlapping ever seen in X-rated cinema.

Starship Eros hits a new low in adult films. The lousy acting, ludicrous script and bush-league special effects take the flick completely off course. Any half-decent blowjob in this space opera would have rated as a special effect.

If director McHaley had taken some of the money he spent on sci-fi technicians and used it to hire just one competent actress who knows how earthlings fuck, *Starship Eros* might have at least avoided flying into a vacuum. As it is, Commander Venus should have programmed her rocket ship's computer for self-destruct and saved audiences from this catastrophe. —M. N.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

Bon Appetit
Champagne for Breakfast
Dracula Exotica
Education of the Baroness
Fantasy
Fascination
Games Women Play
Platinum Paradise
Sensational Janine
Talk Dirty to Me
The Budding of Brie

Three-Quarters Erect

Caligula
Coed Fever
F (Dream Girl of F)
Frat House
Insatiable
Kate and the Indians
October Silk
Pink Champagne
Plato's—The Movie
Randy, the Electric Lady
Secrets of a Willing Wife
Sizzle
Taboo
The Pink Ladies
Tigresses—and Other
Maneaters
Ultra Flesh

Half Erect

Chopstix
Female Athletes
Fulfilling Young Cups
Hot Legs
John Holmes, Superstar
Olympic Fever
Robins Nest
Screwpleps
The Girls of Mr. X
Vista Valley P.T.A.

One-Quarter Erect

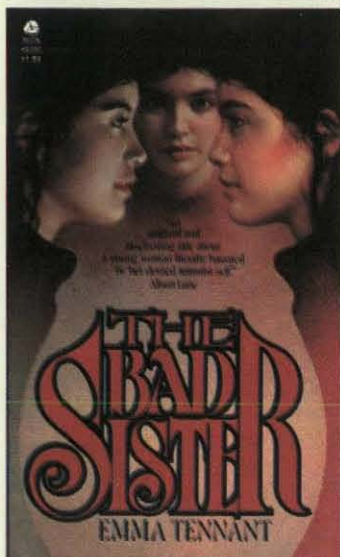
Dracula Sucks
Inside Desiree Cousteau
Mystique

Totally Limp

Carnal Highways
Honey Throat
I Am Always Ready
Three Ripening Cherries

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon



The Bad Sister

By Emma Tennant; Avon Books, 959 8th Avenue, New York, New York 10019; \$1.95.

A friend of mine defines a good writer as one who, 'long about paragraph two, makes you lean back, relax and say to yourself, "I'm in good hands." The writing hands of Emma Tennant do that and more. They are deft, resourceful and

genuinely surprising. They have to be to tell the kind of tale she gives us here. Writing really is only two things: what is told and how it's told. What is told here couldn't possibly be accomplished with anything less than a master's touch. All you can do is turn off your own thoughts, open your eyes and let her do the driving—wherever the hell she takes you.

The bare bones of her novel are these: In 1986 an investigator starts digging into a ten-year-old unsolved double murder. One victim was a highborn Scottish "laird" (that means a guy with money, land and social position strong enough to make womanizing, drunkenness and gambling very okay). He got himself shot in the head by an unknown woman, and his daughter was found dead, her throat torn.

Just before the laird's marriage to a girl of his own class, he had knocked up an Irish shopgirl. His new wife got pregnant on their honeymoon, and the result was two daughters, one a bastard. The illegitimate child and her mother became squatters in an old cottage on the laird's estate, where the two daughters went to the same school and developed the damndest love/hate relationship you'll ever encounter. The cottage became the scene of a

kind of commune for fanatical women's libbers, real guerrillas.

The investigator gets his hands on a manuscript written some years later by a mysterious woman who calls herself Jane Wild. She seems to be the illegitimate daughter and probably the murderer; she has disappeared. Her manuscript is the bulk of the book. It's a journey into a human head—an impressionable, sensual, terrified, courageous, mad, sick and frighteningly obedient head. Wild is totally under the influence of Meg, a strange woman who apparently uses not only psychological but also supernatural pressures to command her band of girls to rob and murder.

The power and uniqueness of the book lie in the orchestration of time and space, and of the various characters and their interactions. Jane's story slips into past and present, one or the other or both at once. Some of the people may be real, or they may be symbols. Each character seems to be any of several different people, or perhaps all of them. The whole thing keeps you amazed and astonished right up to the last word of the last sentence.

You have to be one helluva writer to pull this off and make it work. Emma Tennant is and does. Read it.

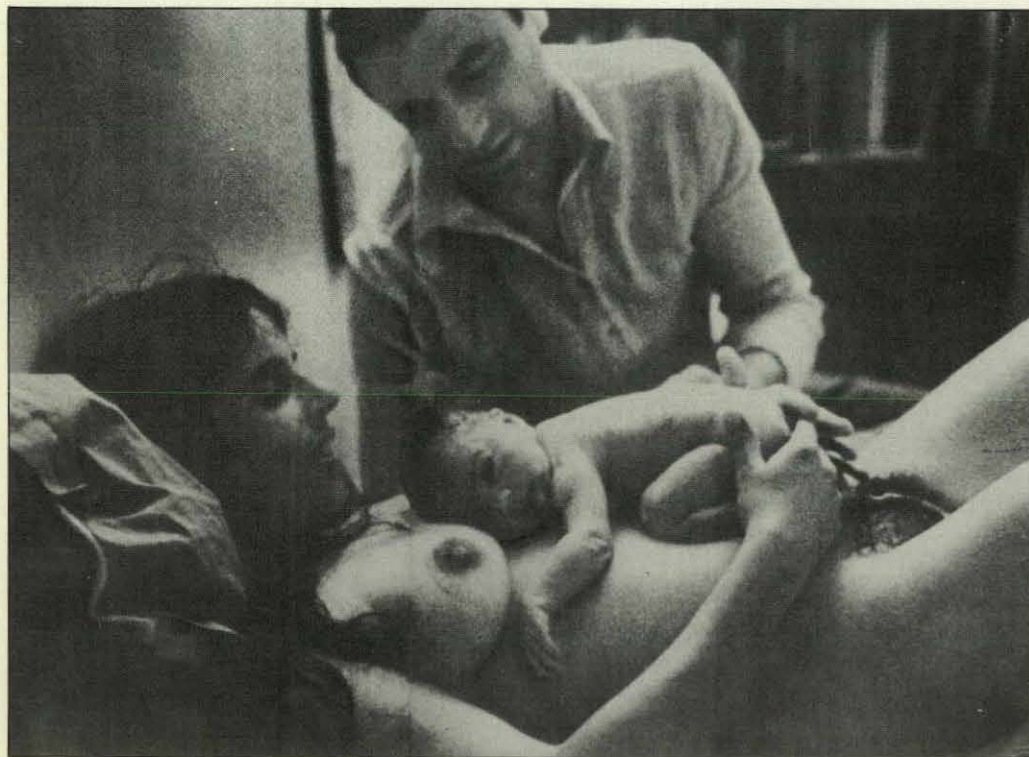
How Does It Feel?

Edited by Mick Csaky; Harmony Books, 1 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$9.95.

"To feel free is desirable. To feel free to feel is desirable. It is good not to be afraid of one's feelings. . . . We're a long time dead. Life is for living." So writes psychiatrist and philosopher R. D. Laing in the lead article of *How Does It Feel?*—Exploring the World of Your Senses. I couldn't agree more.

Stated briefly (which isn't easy), this big, good-looking paperback consists of 23 articles and essays by some pretty heavy people. In addition, there are a number of fine illustrations, with some poetry and a generous sprinkling of carefully thought-out captions.

The thrust of the whole thing is feeling. It's about feeling music, art and other people. It tells how other people feel about sex, religion and being alive. And there's a good deal about the forces that have kept us from feeling—society's forces ("Don't touch yourself down there, dear") and the forces we generate within ourselves. We often try *not* to feel, sometimes to such a degree that we have to be taught how to feel again.



Delivering a baby by natural childbirth and suckling an infant are two of the most intense feelings that a woman can experience. These are a small sample of the many tasteful illustrations in Mick Csaky's 'How Does It Feel?'

There's a lot of such teaching in this book: how it feels to paint a picture, to compose new music with new instruments and to get into an environment where nothing at all can be felt. Mick Csaky, the editor, did this in one of Dr. John Lilly's "sensory deprivation" tanks, where you can float in a saline solution heated exactly to body temperature.

You are practically weightless, and in total darkness and silence. Some people flip out altogether in minutes, screaming to be let out. Some, like Csaky, spent a whole hour in a series of vivid sensory adventures. He describes it well.

Some of the contributors seem to take a small part of the matter of feeling and beat it to death. But the overall impact of *How Does It Feel?* is to make you realize that we are, after all, feeling creatures, and to the degree we don't feel we don't live. In that sense, one of the worst enemies of real living is the fashion of "cool." Every time I see someone turning down the volume on his own enthusiasm in an effort to be "cool," I'm looking at someone forcing himself to be partially dead.

Mermaids

By Beatrice Phillpotts; Ballantine Books, 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022; \$9.95.

There must be a hundred varieties of mythological people like kelpies, gnomes and banshees. Who knows the difference, or cares? But mermaids—they're something else again. Who hasn't heard of mermaids?

There's a lot more to mermaids than tits and tails. Beatrice Phillpotts has gone back thousands of years to the Greeks and Romans and to the Middle East for the earliest pictures and stories of mermaids. Mermen too.

Symbols of sex had a lot to do with the popularity—or notoriety—of mermaids. Long hair has been regarded as a prime come-on for sex, and the comb that so often accompanies the mermaid has two names in Greek, both of which mean "cunt." In the Middle Ages the Church used the mermaid to represent the evils of the flesh: Not only was she seductive, but



'Mermaids' would have us believe that there's a lot more to these fishy creatures than just tits and tails.

also she was damned dangerous. She liked to drag guys out and drown them. Besides which, she had no soul.

In the 19th century a good many artists and poets used the idea that sex and death were pretty much the same thing, and they worked the mermaid theme heavily. Phillpotts's book has a good many examples of the work of these poets, and apparently they were very popular. It makes you wonder how such an idea could grab so many people: beautiful females, drowned sailors, and mermaids coming ashore to marry landmen—only to die or to drag their victims into the drink.

Then there were the hoaxes. People paid good money to see phony mermaids made of monkeys sewn to salmon. P. T. Barnum made a bundle with one of them, but he wasn't the first. Manufactured mermaids showed up in the 1700s, and no amount of exposure kept people from flocking to see them.

There have been mermaids in movies and plays, operas and ballets, poems and songs, legends and myths. Maybe there is such a thing after all. Anyway, here's a book about them, with page after page of illustrations. *Mermaids* is interesting to read and beautiful to look at.

Beyond Forever

By J. Bradford Olesker; New American Library/Signet, 1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019; \$1.95.

Hard-driving and linear, this narrative tears along from be-

ginning to end. Its structure is that of a highly skilled screen treatment. It's not easy to tell you what the book is about without giving away the ending; I'll have to leave that to the author.

I can let you in on some of the things you'll encounter though. You'll get a glimpse of the inner workings of a TV news department: writers, reporters, anchors and the internal frictions and politics that exist before the camera's little red light goes on, and continue after it goes out. You'll learn what it's like to take a white-water ride on a rubber raft down the Colorado River.

Moreover, you'll find what it's like for a young, talented, passionate woman to love once and forever—not in any honeymoon-type sweet promise—but to really love one man more

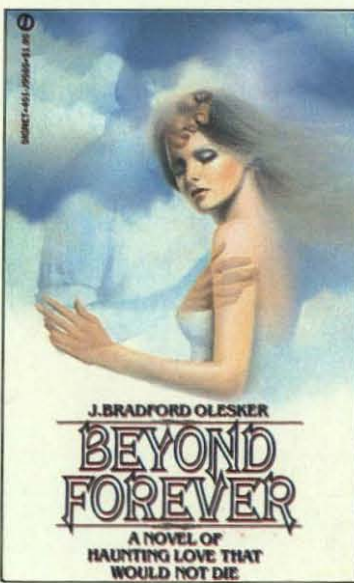
than anything and anybody, to love with a power stronger than even death itself.

What this novel needs to be is a movie. The story, time after time, gets into scenes to which words alone can't do justice. A soundtrack, for example, would be perfect for the white-water adventure; light and shadow for the sex sequences; and special effects for that part of the book I won't tell you about. (My pet hate is reviews that blow an author's carefully crafted punch line.)

There are some pretty nice people in *Beyond Forever*—Joanna, the heroine; the silver-haired Howard, news anchor at the TV station; and Diane, who's a model of loyal friendship and caring. There's one guy, Steve, who is cast as a son of a bitch. He's callous, conceited and completely concerned with Number One at all times. He's also clumsily horny. (Horny is okay; clumsy is not.) I just regret that the author hasn't made him the total bastard he ought to be so that his character would function as well as the others do.

If you like a straight-line story full of trade names (like James Bond books), Chicago locales, inside-TV scenes and an incredible battle between love and death—then this is your cookie. But it ought to be a movie.

(Editor's Note: J. Bradford Olesker is Editorial Director of HUSTLER, CHIC and GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION. *Beyond Forever* was excerpted in the January issue of HUSTLER.)



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Ted and Janet have been going together for two years, and they describe their relationship as serious. As bed-mates, they're highly compatible, and the sex is very satisfying for both. But during their relationship Ted has admitted he's screwed other women, and isn't sure he could ever be completely faithful. He says he doesn't really care about these women, nor does he find them as attractive as Janet. And yet these casual flings keep happening.

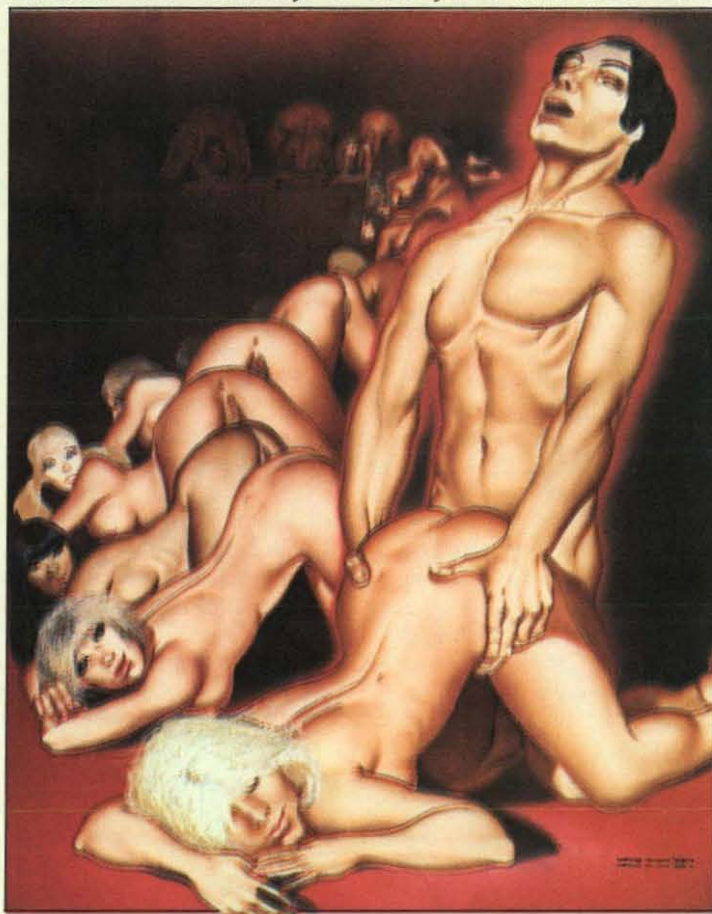
Janet can't understand why Ted plays around; she certainly has no desire to do the same. She's content with one lover. Ted is relieved that Janet feels that way. Although he believes in her right to make her own decisions, he would be outraged if Janet had sex with another man.

This scenario is not uncommon. With sexual attitudes loosened up for both men and women these days, it becomes particularly important to understand our deepest motives for behaving the way we do. Since the 1950s, researchers have gathered valuable information about human sexuality, and the American public is finally becoming educated about sex as a physical process. As a consequence, we're learning to be better lovers. But why do we have the sexual appetites we do, and are they really different for men and women?

The rise of the women's movement has produced a lot of writers and theorists who tell us that the differences between male and female sexual desires are caused by our culture. They assert that men are conditioned by society to have sexual relations with as many partners as possible, while women are taught the opposite. Traditionally, young males are applauded for "sowing their wild oats," while promiscuous females are looked down upon as being less than virtuous.

This double standard has been attacked by feminists as being something a male-dominant society has created to keep women in their place. But a new breed

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



WHY MEN HAVE STRONGER SEX DRIVES

by Stephanie Ross

of scientists called *sociobiologists* say that evolution and our own physical make-up—not society—is responsible.

Sociobiologists say that human behavior determines culture, not the other way around, and that our behavior is determined by our biology. Therefore, male promiscuity—as well as the double standard of morality—is a result of thousands of years of biological evolution.

Evolution! The word conjures up Darwinism, the survival of the fittest and the idea of man evolving from animals. What does all this have to do with sex? Plenty, say the sociobiologists.

It begins with the elements that are the basic blueprint of your body—

genes. Many scientists believe that the genes you inherited from each of your ancestors determine not only traits like your hair and eye color, but your sexual behavior as well. In fact, some researchers have gone so far as to say that genes are the "elemental life force," for which humans are simply "carriers." In evolution the name of the game is to produce fit offspring—or, in other words, pass on genes.

How many times have you heard a girlfriend ask, "Why can't you be satisfied with just me?" Sociobiologists have an answer. They say that the tendency for males to want many women lies in the fact that men produce millions of sperm, which are gene-carriers. As the species evolved, human males had a better chance of passing on their genes by having intercourse with a lot of females.

So the genes you're born with are constantly sending you a message: "You've got millions of sperm building up down here. Get out there and fuck!"

Women, on the other hand, produce only one gene-carrying egg per month, and their inherent message may be something like: "You've got a lot at stake here. Choose your mate carefully." The female invests her precious eggs, as well as months and years of her life, into pregnancy, nursing and child-rearing. Even though a woman of

today may be practicing birth control, her biological genes are still coded to make her select her sex partners with great care. Sociobiologists believe this is the reason for "female coyness" and the tendency for women to be more relationship-oriented than men.

An obvious question arises: Why, then, in spite of this conflict between male and female "goals," has monogamy and marriage become the rule rather than the exception? Sociobiologists feel this too can be explained in evolutionary terms. History has proven that human offspring have fared better with two parents than one. This system has prevailed because it has helped produce

more babies more successfully than any other system.

Charles Darwin, the father of evolution, discovered how a species would adopt a particular method of raising offspring if it better ensured their survival. Says sociobiologist Edward O. Wilson, "Fidelity is a special condition that evolves when the Darwinian advantage of cooperation in rearing offspring outweighs the advantage to either partner of seeking extra mates."

In other words, the individual benefits of promiscuity are overruled by the societal benefits of fidelity. Those of us who are around today are the genetic product of generations of men and women who successfully mated and, for the most part, raised children together. Therefore, we're carrying and passing on the genes for fidelity.

This may sound very reproduction-oriented, but the implications both on recreational sex and relationships are significant. Most animals get down to the business of sex without making a big deal out of it, but humans are strikingly different.

Pierre L. van den Berghe, author of *Human Family Systems: An Evolutionary View*, writes: "Not only do we have the intelligence to enhance the fun of sex by making an elaborate game out of

it... but we also seek to establish complex, long-lasting relationships that go well beyond the mechanics of coitus. We tend to 'fall in love' and become involved—often when we consciously try not to."

Sociobiologists are also studying why sex is so much fun. Van den Berghe says, "The question may appear stupid, because we often tend to assume that good sex is an end in itself, and because we often engage in deliberately nonreproductive sex."

However, since sex-for-fun rather than sex-for-reproduction seemingly serves no biological purpose, it may appear to be an evolutionary blind alley. But some sociobiologists feel that sexual endurance is a useful way for females of the species to assess male vigor and fitness. Therefore, recreational sex is an evolutionary plus; it makes for better babies and a better human race.

Sexual endurance isn't the only thing to which female genes are "attracted." Anthropologist Irvén DeVore says women often ask him at cocktail parties, "When will men give up machismo?"

His reply is that men will give it up when women quit selecting high-success, strutting men like himself.

In other words, as long as women keep choosing to have sex with macho

men and having babies by them, there will be more macho men. The "machismo genes" are continuously being passed along to another generation of males. Theoretically, women are programmed to find machismo attractive because they need a mate whose seed will produce strong, healthy babies and who can protect them during the vulnerable pregnancy period.

Feminists are not very happy with many of the theories of sociobiologists, fearing that these scientists are trying to prove women are only suited for staying at home and having babies. Sociobiologists aren't saying this at all. They stress that men and women are *different*, not unequal, and that our behavior is a consequence of our biological differences. In fact, if women are really doing the mate-selecting, it may mean that they're the more-highly-evolved sex. Says DeVore, "Males are a vast breeding experiment run by females."

Sociobiologists point out that the type of person who reproduces the most successfully will be the type that remains in the majority. Some sociobiologists have speculated, for this reason, that feminism is doomed to a cycle of dying out and then being "rediscovered" by a new generation of females. This is because the majority of women who are reproducing are not feminists. Therefore, they are producing female babies who are not genetically inclined to be little Gloria Steinems. Sociobiologists warn feminists that passing on their ideology isn't enough to ensure its survival—they must pass on their genes as well.

But perhaps the most important application of sociobiological theory in our day-to-day lives involves understanding the conflicts produced by our evolutionary heritage. The genetic messages that map out a man's sex drive as well as his desire for monogamy and offspring may present him with a dilemma. He wants to be faithful to his mate, yet finds himself in the bed of another woman. He wants to treat his partner as an equal, but flies into a rage when he learns she's having an affair with another man. Sociobiologists say that, because of the man's inborn, genetic messages, it is understandable and perhaps unavoidable for him to want to fuck a lot of women, while at the same time keeping other males away from his own mate. Realizing why men have these conflicting desires is the first step toward reconciling them.

A woman may also face conflicts as a result of her genetic programming. The messages her genes are sending her fly directly in the face of today's liberated attitudes about sex. She may set out to have casual, open relationships with



men, but consistently tries to turn them into something more serious because of an innate "nesting instinct." She may want to be sexually adventurous and aggressive like a man, yet feels more comfortable playing the instinctual role of coy seductress. As more and more options open up for women, they need to make peace with their conflicting biological and intellectual desires.


Sociobiologists aren't saying that all men and all women are alike sexually. Also, they aren't promoting the idea that men and women should sit back and accept the hand of genetic cards that Mother Nature has dealt them. What sociobiologists are saying is that we need to look more closely at the way our inherited sexual characteristics affect the way we behave.

Certainly there are exceptions to all these generalizations. There are men who experience no conflict being completely faithful, and women who prefer to have sex with lots of men. Sociobiologists point out, however, that these characteristics might have been inherited by these men and women, and that they are just more rare.

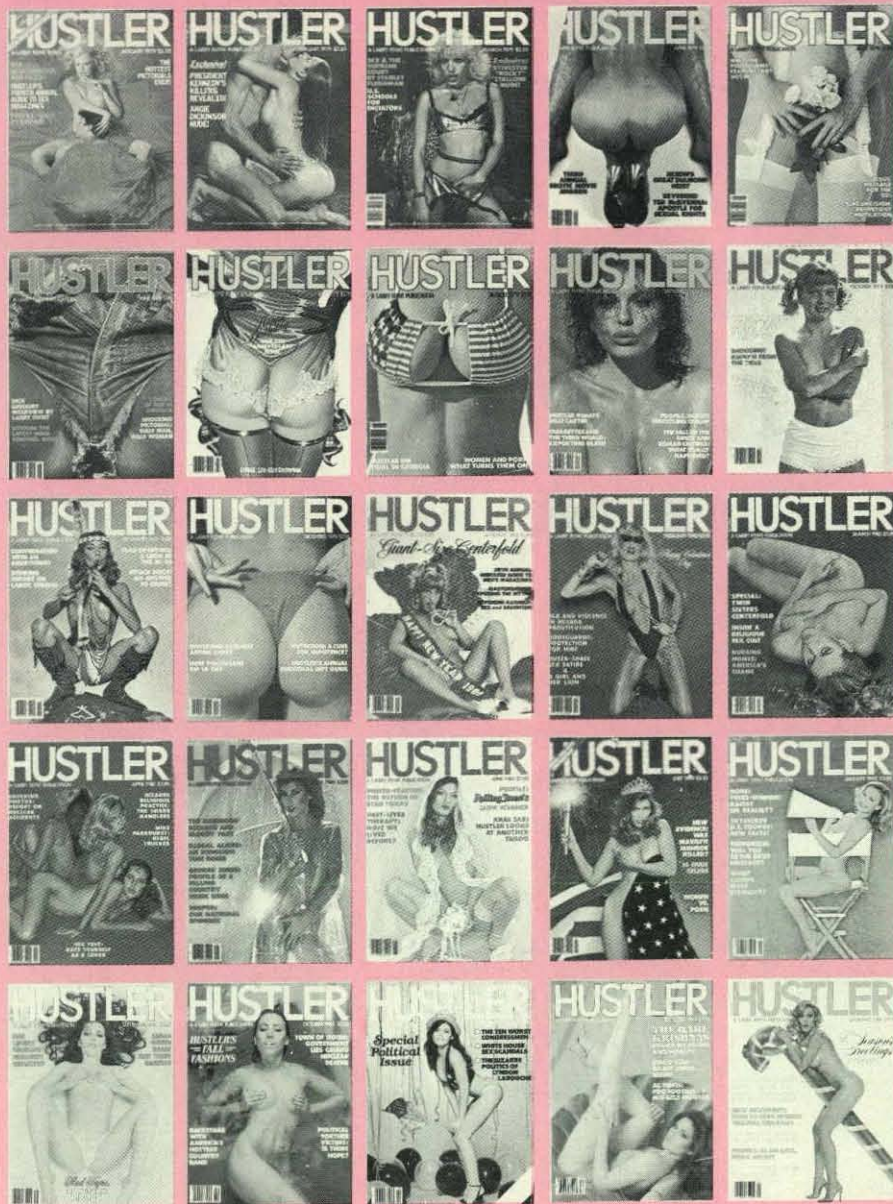
In the world of psychological study, *instinct* has been a dirty word for most of the past 60 years. Psychologists who subscribe to the behavioral school of thought have long insisted that culture and environment are the all-important influences in our lives, rather than in-born traits.

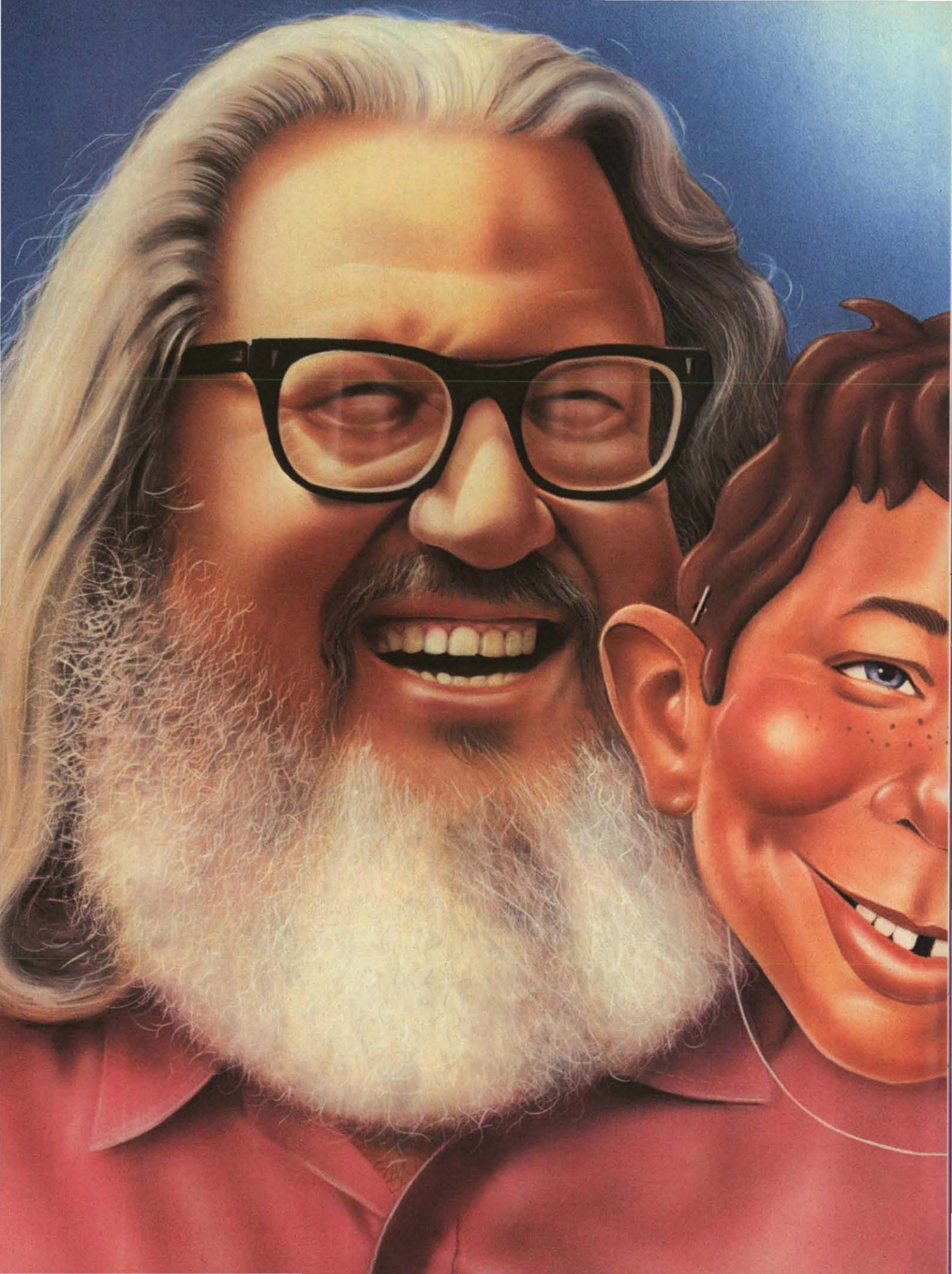
They have tried to convince us that human babies come into the world like blank slates, waiting for society to program their behavior as adults. They would have us believe that men and women behave differently because little girls are not raised in the same manner as little boys. Sociobiologists say that the reason for male and female differences is far more basic and that our biology is the determining factor.

Over the past several years, sociobiology has been gaining a tremendous amount of acceptance among scientists in a wide range of fields. Sociobiology, or at least the reversal of behavioral thought, is likely to be one of the most important academic issues of the '80s.

Further study of human sexual instincts is clearly needed. To pretend that male and female differences don't exist won't help to resolve sexual conflicts. To insist such differences are entirely the result of how male and female children are raised is to ignore what we can learn from thousands of years of biological evolution. If we explore our sexual selves in a more complete genetic and historical context, we'll better understand the forces moving within us. 

BACK ISSUES





WILLIAM GAINES

MAD MAGAZINE'S ECCENTRIC PUBLISHER

You can tell that *Mad* magazine publisher William M. Gaines is a weirdo as soon as you walk into his office. The first thing you see is a gigantic papier-mache, fur-covered replica of King Kong peering through the window. Hanging from the ceiling are more than two dozen miniature zeppelins. On a cabinet there's an old peep-show nickelodeon, in which his employees can be seen on a flip-card film greeting him with obscene gestures. If you push down the right key on a nearby antique cash register, a metal tab pops up reading, "Whaddya want, ya fat bastard?" Nearby there's a photograph of Gaines's deceased father, flanked by a human skull that he kiddingly tells people is all that remains of Dear Old Dad.

On the walls you see dozens of magazine covers bearing the likeness of *Mad*'s trademark, Alfred E. ("What—Me Worry?") Neuman. The round-faced, tousle-haired kid with a missing front tooth, ears that stick out and a gawky smile now ranks with Mickey Mouse, Snoopy and Bugs Bunny among the most recognizable cartoon characters of the 20th century. Placards bearing his name popped up at a Barry Goldwater rally during the 1964 Presidential race. Mountain-climbers planted an Alfred E. Neuman flag 28,000 feet above sea level in the Himalayas. A reader in Auckland, New Zealand, once mailed a letter with nothing on the envelope but a stamp and Neuman's picture. The letter arrived at the *Mad* offices in New York with no apparent problem.

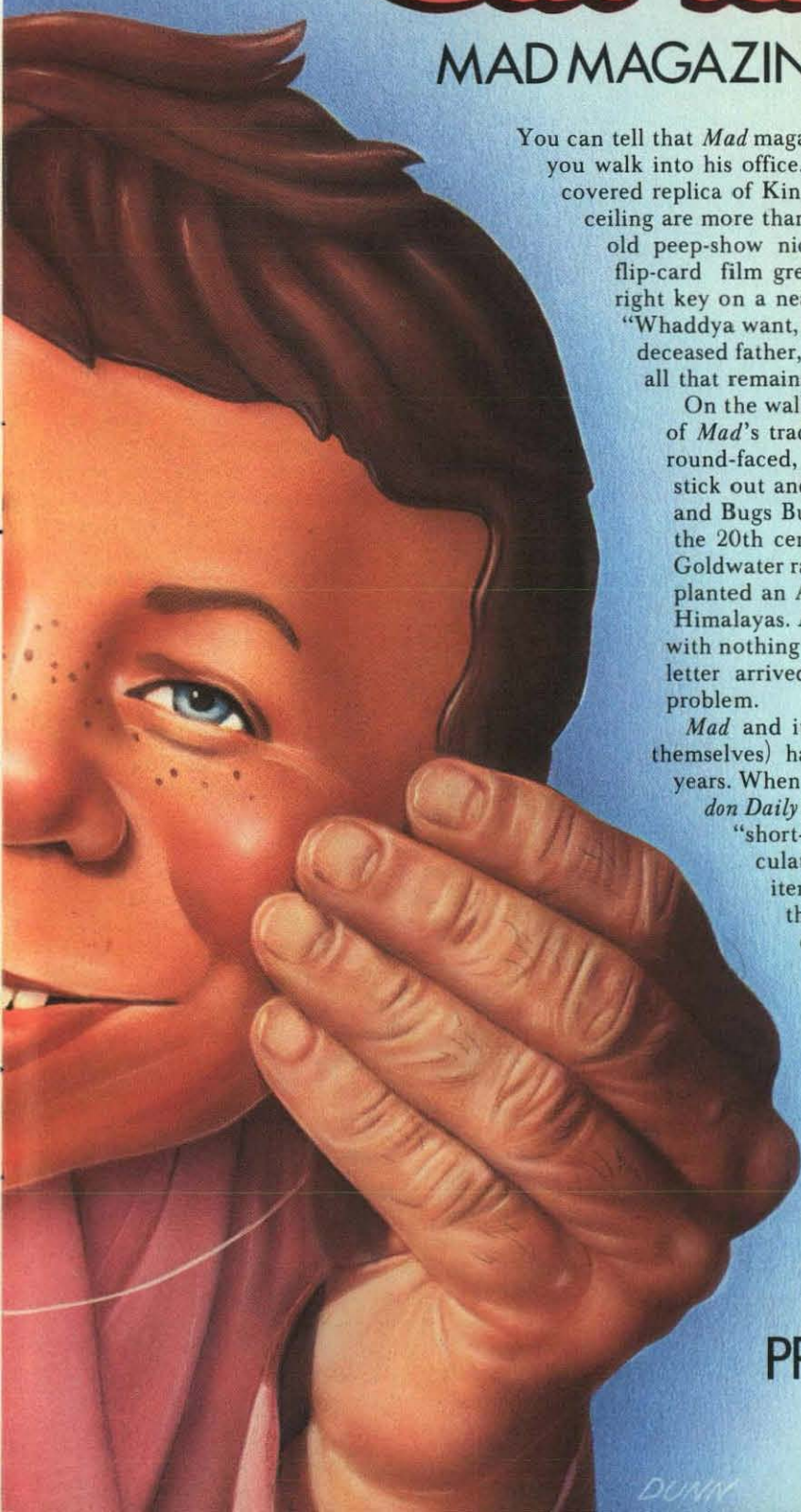
Mad and its "usual gang of idiots" (as the writers and artists call themselves) have become an American phenomenon in the past 25 years. When the humor magazine was first published in 1952, the *London Daily Pictorial* called it "sickening." *Time* predicted it would be "short-lived." Today, after 220 issues, it is thriving, with a circulation of just under 2 million. Early issues are collector's items, selling for as much as \$160 apiece. Despite the fact that *Mad* carries no advertising, it is one of the most successful magazines in the history of publishing. Almost every kid in America has been exposed to its crazy, outrageous satire, and the magazine is nearly impossible to read entirely through without laughing out loud.

The man responsible for *Mad*'s continuing success is a strange, mysterious eccentric — full of contradictions. He is at once extremely generous yet embarrassingly cheap. He is an egomaniac and yet also big-hearted. He dresses like the world's messiest slob; yet he runs his little empire with astonishing efficiency and control. He is a 58-year-old who acts like someone who has never grown up. Perhaps that is why there is only one *Mad* magazine.

Gaines hardly looks the role of a millionaire publishing

PROFILE BY FRANK JACOBS

Illustration by Pat Dunn



DUNN

baron. He once took minimal pains to appear like a straight-arrow businessman. That was before 1968, when he was still crew-cut and smooth-faced. Today, after giving up haircuts and shaving, his flowing long hair and shaggy white beard make him resemble an aging hippie.

He dresses from casual to sloppy, refusing to wear suits or ties, cultivating what some fashion experts might call the laundry-hamper look. One writer described Gaines as "the ten worst-dressed men in the world."

During the past two decades Gaines's weight has fluctuated between 187 and 297 pounds. In his closet hang trousers for seven different weights, each pair numbered on a sliding scale from 1 (smallest) to 7 (largest). Since Gaines's weight recently stabilized at 285 pounds, he likes to call himself the World's Largest Publisher. Constantly urged by doctors to reduce, he has tried at least a dozen diets, succeeding only with the Metrecal plan, by which he once lost 100 pounds in six months. Of course, within two years they were right back on.

Not surprisingly, Gaines's compulsive personality drove him to a shrink for seven years. "I'm what the psychiatrists call a type-A personality," he says. "That means I'm bound to finish up with a heart attack or a stroke. There's

no way I can keep my cool. I get upset over a broken shoelace."

Gaines most often loses his temper when his office is not running smoothly. He is afraid to trust anyone with the most routine administrative tasks, even though he is known for giving his five full-time editorial employees almost absolute freedom to print what they think is funny. "I do menial things no executive in his right mind would do," he admits. "Like making my own deposits, writing all the checks, making all the payrolls, working as a stockroom clerk. There's nothing that goes on that escapes me."

Especially the phone bill. The rule in the office is that whenever someone makes a long-distance call, he has to give Gaines a slip of paper with the phone number, the name of the person called and the date. Heaven help anyone who makes a personal long-distance call and doesn't own up when Gaines gets the statement. He demands that *Mad* be reimbursed for every one of the calls.

But whereas other publishers may require their employees to punch a time clock, Gaines lets his people come and go as they please. Where other publishers may insist on quiet and good manners in the office, Gaines prefers uproar and anarchy. Once, he filled the

office water cooler with five gallons of white wine and roared with laughter as the day rolled on, and he and the staff got gloriously tipsy.

Furthermore, he exhibits a streak of generosity matched by no other publisher. For the past 20 years Gaines has taken his staff members and his most faithful free-lance contributors on an all-expenses-paid two-week trip to some exotic part of the world. The morale-boosting treks have been made to at least 19 countries on five continents. No work is permitted, and no women are allowed.

The junkets are anything but dull, however. Before Gaines left on one trip to Haiti, he found the magazine had just one subscriber on that remote island. "By incredible coincidence his subscription was about to expire," he recalls. "So the whole *Mad* gang showed up and pounded on his door. When he opened it, we said, 'Please resubscribe to *Mad*!' He almost dropped dead."

Other tours have taken *Mad*'s maniac writers and artists to the game reserves of Kenya and Tanzania as well as to the fleshpots of the Caribbean. In San Juan, Puerto Rico, *Mad* writer Arnie Kogen was approached by a particularly determined streetwalker. When Kogen showed little interest, the girl persisted, detailing her various charms and services. The writer again declined.

"What do you want?" the frustrated hooker pleaded.

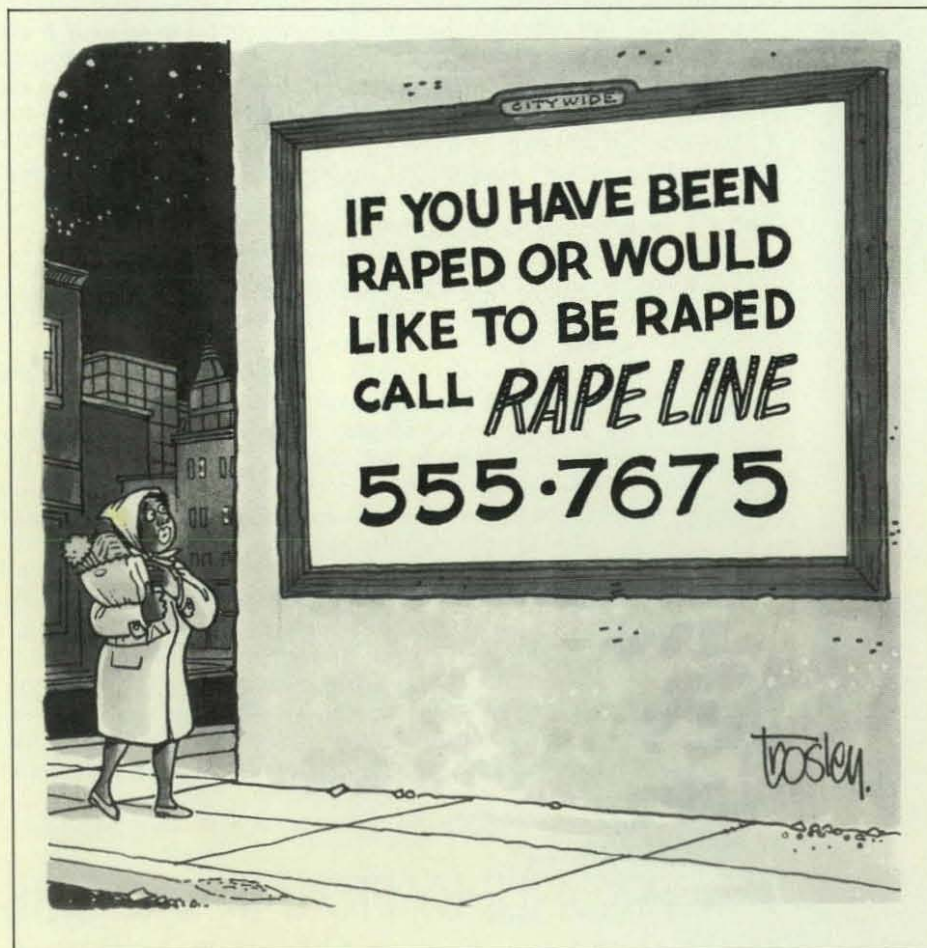
"How much do you charge for heavy kissing?" he replied.

The girl walked away, muttering to herself.

In the Soviet Union a customs inspector confiscated all the pornography the *Mad*-men had purchased at their previous stop—Copenhagen, Denmark. Then he made another peculiar discovery: 15 copies of *Mad* in the suitcase of an associate editor. But the inspector was not amused as he leafed through the magazine's pages, and he seized *Mad* as well. Apparently, to the Russians, *Mad* and pornography pose equal threats.

Soviet officials aren't the only ones who feel the publication's comic sensibility offers limited appeal. When *Mad* ran an ad for the "Crime-of-the-Month Club," it gave the fictitious group's address as Mafia, Italy. The Italian government lodged a protest with the U. S. State Department. Though nothing significant came from it, State Department officials did ask Gaines to refrain in future issues from offending our allies.

Another time, *Mad* ran an article on Monopoly-like board games, including one that promised players an official draft-dodger card by writing the late J. Edgar Hoover at the FBI. When Hoover's office was flooded with mail





"Look, you. Shut up and go to sleep or I'll spill your guts all over your Winnie the Pooh jammies!"

from readers who took the suggestion seriously, two FBI agents showed up at *Mad*'s offices, politely asking Gaines to look elsewhere for satirical targets.

But no amount of pressure—official or otherwise—has ever prevented *Mad* from taking potshots at famous personalities, prestigious institutions and contemporary phenomena. A typical issue might begin with a spoof of a hit movie like *Kramer vs. Kramer* (only *Mad* called it *Crymore vs. Crymore*) and end with a satire on a television show such as *Lou Grant* (retitled *Lou Grouch*). In between are a dozen or so sections lampooning sports, politics, playboys, starlets or anything else that is newsworthy.

Madison Avenue has always been one of *Mad*'s favorite targets. Noted one recent issue: "Advertising Makes You Wonder . . . why 75 million American men ate mashed potatoes all those years if every one of them would have really preferred Stove Top stuffing; . . . how you get on mailing lists to receive sales letters that speak of 'busy executives like yourself' when you're not even out of high school yet! . . . whether anyone in real life would actually walk into a crowded drugstore and start discussing his hemorrhoids with the pharmacist."

During the turbulent '60s *Mad* had a field day mocking both student protesters and the Establishment. More recently, the magazine has zeroed in on wom-

en's liberation, profit-hungry preachers, crackpot cult leaders, conglomerate corporations and labor unions. There are absolutely no sacred cows, and *Mad* is beholden to no political point of view. Everything gets blasted in the same spirit of outrageousness. Some notable examples:

□ "*Mork and Mindy* is aired by ABC to make *Three's Company* and *Charlie's Angels* look like intellectual programming by comparison."

□ "*People* magazine is a great publication for those who never learned how to read hard things, such as two-syllable words."

□ "The U. S. Department of Energy saw the 1974 Arab oil boycott coming as long ago as 1977."

□ "The Ku Klux Klan defends Christian brotherhood by hanging anyone suspected of opposing it."

□ "Mike Wallace [of *60 Minutes*] may be the only person in New York who is fighting mad about crooked bingo games in Wyoming."

The *Mad* brand of zaniness probably had its roots when William Gaines was a kid, in the 1930s. His sister Elaine remembers, in what must be a monumental understatement, that "he was a very different kind of boy." In grade school he blew itching-and-sneezing powder on his classmates. At Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute he relished getting into chalk

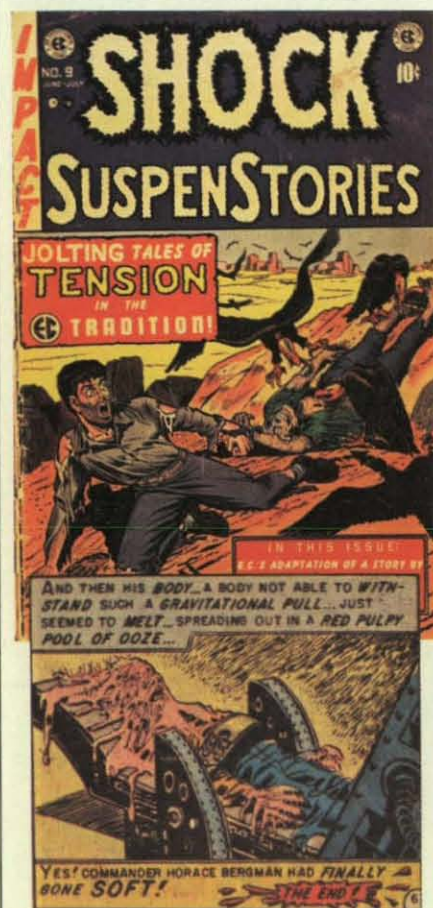
fight, and dueling college classmates with slide rules. He was placed on probation for skipping gym class and finally flunked out after his third year.

Gaines eventually enlisted in the Army Air Corps, a stint that lasted more than three years. Then he went back to college, eventually earning a degree in education. But when his father, Max Gaines, died in 1947, his mother asked him to take over the family's comic-book business.

During the Depression the elder Gaines had invented the American comic book as it is known today—gathering together a random bunch of syndicated newspaper comics and publishing them in a single edition called *Famous Funnies*. Despite his blunder of turning down a chance to publish *Superman*, he built an enterprise that eventually produced one-third of the 18 million comic books sold in the U. S. each month.

By 1945, however, Max Gaines had a falling out with his partners, costing him most of his biggest moneymakers. And by the time his son assumed the helm, the business was \$100,000 in debt. William Gaines gloomily asked a friend, "How the hell can I run a business when I couldn't make it as the old man's stockroom boy?"

One of the first things he did was to expand a now-legendary line of horror (continued on page 52)

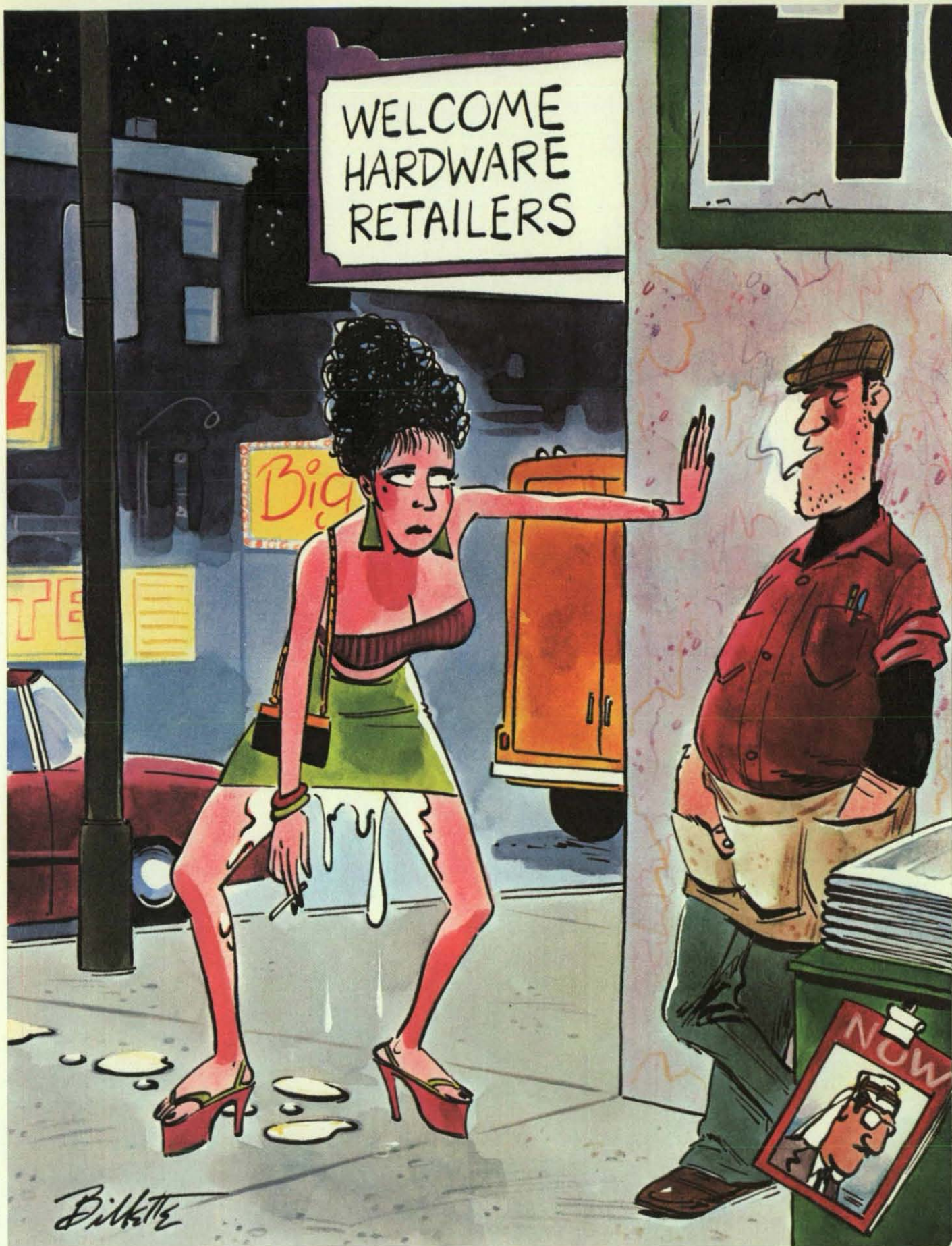


WIZARD OF GORE

Although *Mad* is the only survivor of William Gaines's 1950s comic-book line, nostalgia buffs still scramble for yellowing copies of his imaginative horror titles. Surely the most graphically violent comics ever printed, these books elevated the storytelling and visual punch of the medium to an art form. But escalating juvenile delinquency convinced parents that Gaines's ghastly tales were a bad influence on impressionable children. The uproar created the worst scare that ever came out of comic books—the threat of bankruptcy. So Gaines reluctantly closed his crypts of terror forever.

WHEN HE LOOKED AT HIS HANDS, THEY WERE STRIPPED OF THEIR FLESH. WHEN HE LOOKED AT HIS FACE, HE SAW THE PERSONIFICATION OF DEATH...





"Another convention in town, eh, Trixie?"



Photography by Suze Randall

[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)

Tipi & Dawn
COMING
TOGETHER





Tipi and Dawn met at our photo studios, where each girl posed for recent HUSTLER centerfolds. They hit it off right away. And when we saw these two beauties alongside one another, we just knew they had to be photographed together. Their bodies merged like the musical parts of a symphony. Sensing a common bond, they took advantage of the opportunity to explore every inch of each other's luscious bodies. We're happy to have brought them together!















(continued from page 40)

comics, among them *The Crypt of Terror* and *The Vault of Horror*. The magazines seethed with wild, grisly tales illustrated with spectacular drawings. And Gaines devised many of the plots. In one strip a butcher was chopped into small pieces by his wife after the tainted horsemeat he'd been selling killed their son. In another a sadist tortured animals to death, and then turned to murder with a butcher knife and an ax. He ended up being burned to death in a flaming car.

Gaines enjoyed three profitable years of horror before running head-on into a U. S. Senate committee investigating increasing violence among American youth. Taking the witness stand, he stoutly defended his tales of ax murders and bludgeonings. But magazine wholesalers panicked, refusing to handle the horror comics. Gaines was forced to disband the entire line and soon drifted right back into debt. His newly launched title, *Mad* magazine, would be destined to save him from bankruptcy.

In the beginning, *Mad* was simply a comic book that parodied other comic books: *Archie* became *Starchie*; *Little Orphan Annie* turned into *Little Orphan Melvin*; and *Superman* was twisted into *Superduperman*. But in 1955 he changed its format into a ballsy, more irreverent publication that sold for 25¢ while con-

ventional comics still cost only a dime.

The cover line of the first redesigned issue read, "The new *Mad* magazine has a vitally important message inside." When readers turned to the inside front cover, there was a plaintive photograph of the editors and a message that said, "Please buy this magazine." People responded in droves. The issue sold out and had to be reprinted.

Almost from the outset, readers identified with *Mad*'s lovable, nerdy mascot, Alfred E. Neuman, the national symbol of absurdity. The first editor, Harvey Kurtzman, stumbled on the idiot kid's face in 1954, while visiting an editor at a publishing house. It was staring at him on a postcard with the caption, "Me Worry?"

"That face didn't have a care in the world, except mischief," Kurtzman remembers. He later adapted the Neuman name from a character who made periodic five-second appearances on comedian Henry Morgan's radio show.

Since 1956, Alfred E. Neuman has graced every *Mad* cover except one, and he also prompted one of the magazine's most torturous lawsuits—all because the staff was curious and naive enough that same year to ask its readers to speculate on the face's origin.

Among the dozens of suggestions, it was said that the kid was used in 1915 to advertise a patent medicine, that he was taken from a biology textbook as an ex-

ample of a person who lacked iodine, that he was a testimonial on advertisements for painless dentistry, that he was a fictional moron named Hooey McManus. One reader even dug up a 1909 German calendar bearing a close approximation of the imbecilic face.

The most serious letter came from a lawyer representing a Vermont woman with the unusual name of Helen Pratt Stuff. She claimed that her late husband, Harry Stuff, had created the kid in 1914, naming him "The Original Optimist." Stuff's copyrighted drawing, she maintained, was the source of Alfred E. Neuman. And in 1957 she took *Mad* to court to prove it.

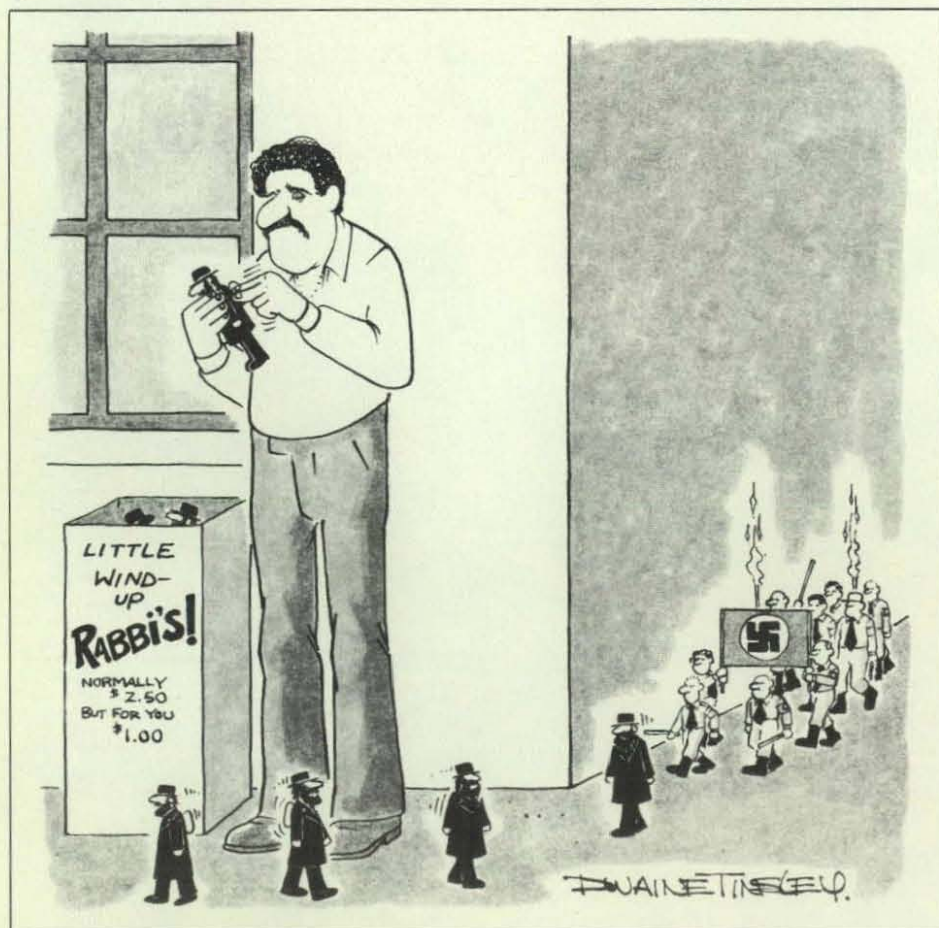
Gaines is no stranger to lawsuits. *Mad* has been threatened with litigation so often by irate readers claiming defamation of character that he lists his lawyer's name on the magazine's masthead. But the Helen Stuff suit was for all the marbles. If *Mad* lost, it would be liable for millions of dollars in damages.

Fortunately, a defense attorney dug up numerous sketches of grinning youngsters resembling Alfred that had been published before the turn of the century. After listening to arguments and testimony and after poring over several hundred pictures of Alfred and his ancestors, the judge ruled in favor of *Mad*.

Gaines, of course, was overjoyed with the outcome. "We were up to our necks in litigation," he recalls. "If we had lost the case, we would have been in hock up to our eyeballs." Still, the suit dragged on for six years before finally being decided in *Mad*'s favor in 1963, when the U.S. Supreme Court declined to hear the case.

Two years earlier the magazine had become so prosperous that Gaines's lawyers and accountants suggested it would make sense to sell *Mad* and reap substantial capital-gains benefits. So he sold the magazine to Premier Industries for a sum the *Wall Street Journal* estimated at several million dollars. *Mad* was later acquired by Kinney Corporation, which eventually became Warner Communications. Gaines still maintains full control of the magazine; yet currently he's working with Warner on a handshake basis.

He runs *Mad* as if it were his own, even though he can quit or be fired at a moment's notice. The chances of the mutually beneficial relationship ending are slight. *Mad* is one of the few properties Warner allows to operate without strong corporate influence. In fact, when Warner moved into a skyscraper in Rockefeller Center, Gaines refused to relocate the *Mad* offices in the company's new plush and spacious offices, preferring the smaller ones on Madison





*"Hello, dear. I had a little accident in the lab, and so I won't be up for supper.
But could you leave a plate of shit by the door?"*

Avenue opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral. "Who wants to move in with his parents?" he asked.

Today *Mad* is published eight times a year, every 45 days. It appears in a dozen foreign editions in Europe and Latin America. Four times a year Gaines publishes *Mad Specials* — 80 pages of mostly reprinted material, plus a bonus, such as a *Mad* calendar or a comical stereo record. Then there are the *Mad* paperback books, published nine times a year, with more than 100 titles now in print.

But rarely does he become involved in the editorial process — and then, only when he detects lapses in taste. "If something is offensive to a religion, I'll ask for a change," says Gaines, who doesn't believe in God but who still respects the beliefs of others. And on rare occasions he'll blue-pencil an attempt at humor that simply doesn't work.

Naturally, *Mad's* overwhelming popularity has made him a very rich man. Those close to him can only guess at his wealth. Yet he hardly lives like a millionaire. His five-room Upper East Side apartment hasn't been painted in years. Visitors call it "dirty gray." Gaines says it's "off-off-white." He refuses to allow maids into his home, and when asked who vacuums the rugs, the publisher sheepishly replies, "Nobody."

Though he once favored Cadillacs, he has lately switched to a more modest 1979 Mercury. His friends would prefer he switch to something chauffeur-driven. A notoriously inept driver, he's been involved in 30 accidents — two of which he admits causing.

Gaines has only two real material loves other than his magazine: food and wine. His living room boasts a climate-controlled redwood wine vault with 600 bottles worth around \$35,000. He thinks nothing of spending \$1,500 to host a wine-tasting. He has two favorite restaurants, *Chez L'Ami Louis* in Paris (\$150 for two) and the *Palace* in New York (an unbelievable \$700 for two, and quite possibly the most expensive dining spot in the world).

After two failed marriages Gaines has vowed never to wed again. "Marriage is a bad thing," he says, "because when you have a contract, you're not free anymore."

Of course, he also realizes that he isn't the ideal person to live with. "A woman to me is someone to love, to cherish, to protect and to do what she's told," Gaines declares. "I am a firm believer that democracy in the family is an unhealthy situation, that there should be one person who runs the family, and that should be me. I realize this attitude may have contributed to my lack of suc-

cess in marriage. I am a male chauvinist pig of the worst order."

Still, Gaines hasn't given up on women, and at least one woman hasn't given up on him. Anne Griffiths, his current lover, is 28 years his junior. They have lived together for the past nine years.

Gaines had *Mad* to thank at least indirectly. Enrolled at the University of Colorado, she wrote to Gaines for help on a term paper about humor. On a later visit to New York during Christmas recess, she dropped by *Mad's* offices to meet him. The two of them hit it off immediately. They continued to correspond, and met casually on several other occasions.

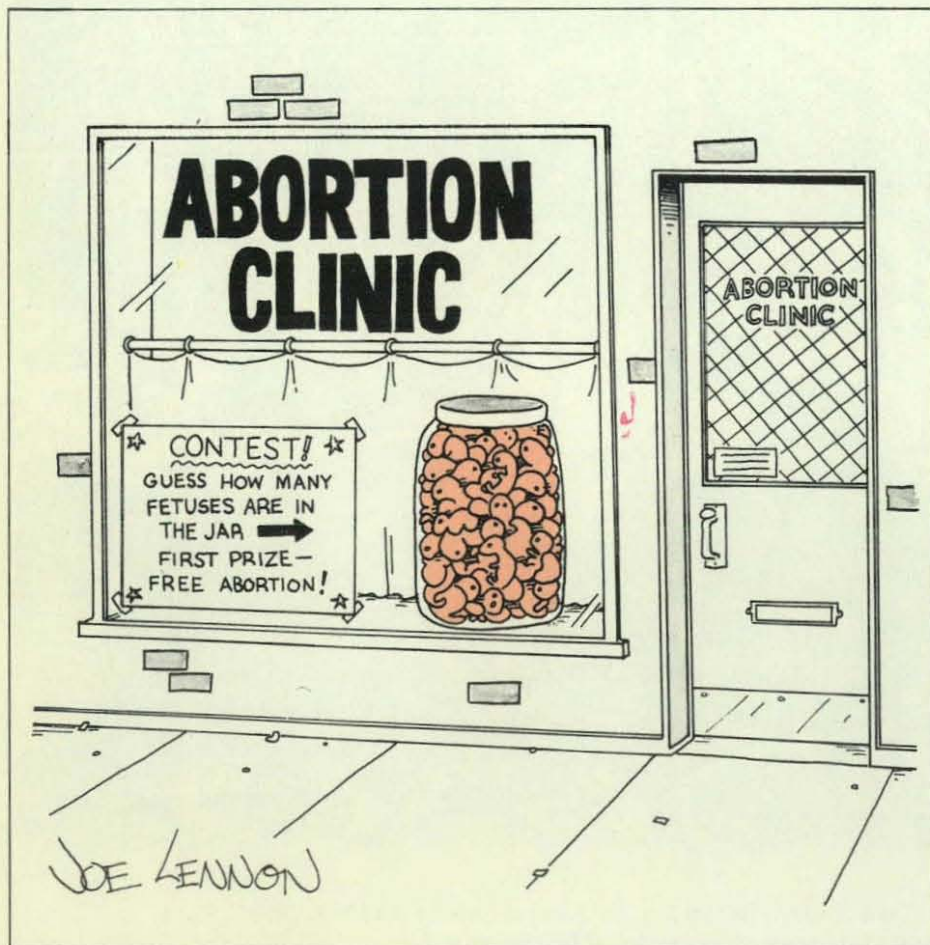
Feeling lonely and depressed on his 50th birthday, Gaines impulsively sent Anne a plane ticket and invited her to New York for the weekend. During their first dinner together she was puzzled to see Gaines pouring most of the wine into her glass. He explained that the more he drank, the shoddier his bedroom performance. Then she poured all the remaining wine into her glass. Reportedly, neither one of them had any difficulties performing afterward.

Being the wine nut that he is, Gaines often finds himself debating the merits of vintage wine versus enjoyable sex. "A fine wine is better than sex," he says. "Of course, there may be those who say I've never had sex to equal the quality of the wine, and there I can't argue; I simply don't know. But don't get me wrong. I'm two years away from turning 60, and sex is every bit as good as it was. It's just not as often. It's a matter of sacrificing quantity for quality."

Anne has had no problem adapting to the Gaines lifestyle. "I used to eat junk food and drink Seven-Up," she says, "but Bill soon changed that. I used to ski, ride a bicycle and play tennis. Living with Bill changed that too. He has filled me out in so many ways." She has put on 25 pounds since living with Gaines, a man who considers opening a refrigerator door the core of his exercise program. Not surprisingly, he has been known to take a taxi only three blocks to a business appointment. "The only time Bill moves fast is on the way to the john," says Anne.

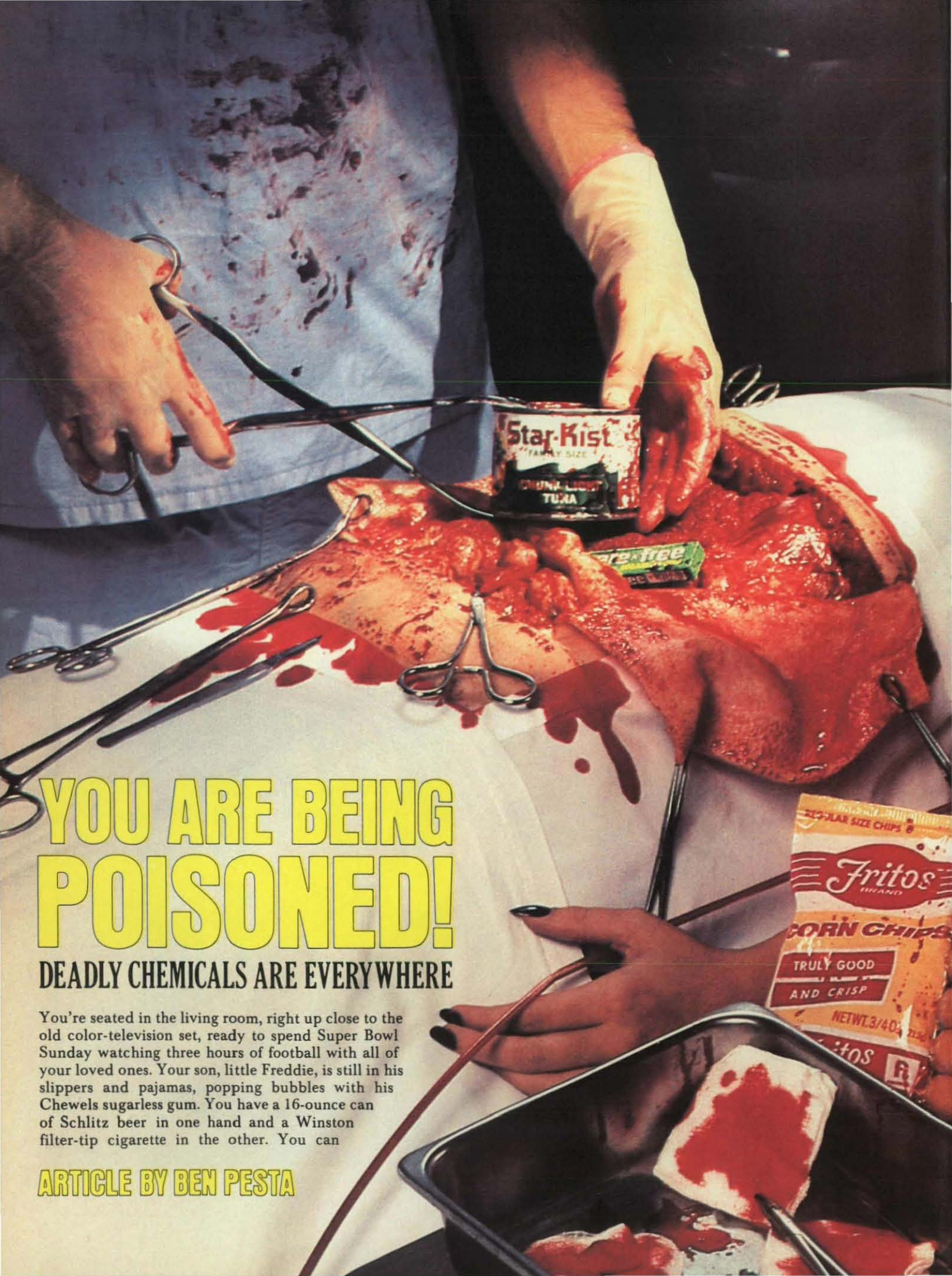
Gaines takes a fat man's pride in his dislike of physical fitness. "I get tired just thinking about it," he says. "I don't keep in shape. I never was in shape. I never will be in shape."

Rich and content, supremely well-fed, Gaines obviously enjoys his self-created, oddball version of the good life. "My staff and contributors create the magazine," he admits. "What I contribute is the atmosphere."





"Nothin' really, Chief . . . just a little domestic quarrel."



YOU ARE BEING POISONED!

DEADLY CHEMICALS ARE EVERYWHERE

You're seated in the living room, right up close to the old color-television set, ready to spend Super Bowl Sunday watching three hours of football with all of your loved ones. Your son, little Freddie, is still in his slippers and pajamas, popping bubbles with his Chewels sugarless gum. You have a 16-ounce can of Schlitz beer in one hand and a Winston filter-tip cigarette in the other. You can

ARTICLE BY BEN PESTA

smell the pot of Yuban percolating in the kitchen. Just before the opening kickoff your wife brings out a tray filled with cold cuts, charcoal-broiled bacon-burgers and a tuna casserole fresh from the microwave oven.

During the national anthem, as she snuggles next to you on the couch, sipping a Diet Pepsi, you reflect on what a good-looking woman you've married. Her fashionably-streaked hair has been blow-dried like Farrah Fawcett's. A hint of mascara highlights her curling eyelashes. Her nails have been freshly polished with a seductive red gloss. You think that maybe after the game is over and Freddie's tucked in bed, the two of you can retire to the master bedroom and ball like banshees on the waterbed. There's little danger of conceiving any more little Freddie's just yet. Your beloved has been taking her birth-control pills regularly, just as prescribed. And besides, you know from the box of Rely tampons you saw in the bathroom that it's her time of the month.

Meanwhile, on the TV, instant replays show you seven different versions of your team's quarterback running in for a touchdown. *This is the life*, you think to yourself, nibbling on a Frito.

Well, think again, friend. Would it shake you up to know that, sitting safely in your own home, you and your family

are in deadly danger? What if somebody told you that, on a lazy day like this one, you were all taking chances with your lives that would make Evel Knievel piss in his boots?

For openers, that 11-year-old TV set is a source of low-level ionizing radiation, which could cause cancer.

The bowl of Fritos contains significant amounts of salt, which can pump your blood pressure to dangerous levels. The beer, of course, will make you fat. But even worse, experiments have shown that drinking and smoking at the same time may hasten cancer of the mouth. And even without a beer to soothe your smoke-parched throat, nobody has to remind you what those Winstons will do to your lungs.

Your wife isn't safe either. She's catching non-ionizing radiation from the microwave oven, not to mention the radiation all of you are getting from the microwave relay tower on the hill above your house—the one that's beaming the football game into your living room.

Like most other canned foods, the Star-Kist tuna in the casserole comes in lead-soldered cans, which could pose a danger of lead poisoning. The delicious cold cuts your lady picked up at the deli wasn't such a hot idea either. They are lousy with nitrites, which combine with amines in your stomach to make nitrosa-

mines—a powerful cancer-inducing agent.

The cows that died to make your hamburgers were probably fattened up with DES, a synthetic female hormone that causes birth defects and—you guessed it—cancer. The charcoal-broiling of meat inevitably produces hazardous carcinogenic compounds. Eating bacon strips like those garnishing your burgers can lead to various types of cancer. And the imported Yuban coffee is most likely brimming with cancer-causing pesticides. Besides, the caffeine in the coffee is bad for your heart.

Your wife's sexy new hair color comes from a bottle that contains 4MMPD, which has caused tumors of the skin, thyroid and clitoris in laboratory rats. She had blown her hair dry with a Clairol TD-1 (Son of a Gun) dryer made with asbestos—another proven cancer-causer. Her Revlon "Certainly Red" nail enamel contains substances that can cause everything from dizziness to death if swallowed. Her Maybelline "Great Lash" mascara has ingredients that have prompted central-nervous-system depression and kidney malfunctions in animals. Her birth-control pills are full of the synthetic female hormone estrogen, increasing her risk of contracting uterine cancer. And her Rely tampons may promote toxic-shock syndrome, which can be deadly—especially in younger women.

Even little Freddie isn't safe. His hand-me-down pajamas were treated with Tris, a flameproofing solution that is one of the most carcinogenic substances of all. And the package containing the bubble gum he's chewing reads: "This product contains Saccharin which has been determined to cause cancer in laboratory animals." Saccharin is also in your wife's Diet Pepsi.

The grim bottom line is that if you live in the United States today, you are being poisoned. There are presently more than 70,000 synthetic chemicals in use in this country, with a thousand new ones coming along every year. Most of these chemicals weren't around before World War II. We're only beginning to find out the ways in which some of these substances can ravage our food, our water supply and our bodies.

The poisons we've poured into our environment fall into four basic categories. *Toxic poisons* will make you sick or kill you by their direct effects on your body. Familiar household items such as lye and rat poison are toxic compounds. *Carcinogenic poisons* combine with chemicals in your body to cause cancer. *Radiation* doesn't have to be eaten, drunk or smoked to hurt you. Simply being around a source of radioactivity can give you radiation sickness, which may kill



"Hello, cafeteria? About your chicken a la king. . ."



"You have the right to remain silent..."

you or can cause cancer or leukemia years later. Most terrifying of all are poisons known as *mutagens* (agents that cause changes in genes or chromosomes, almost always for the worse) or *teratogens* (those that cause birth defects). These substances damage your ability to reproduce. They reach out like an icy hand from the grave to curse generations yet unborn.

TOXIC POISONS

The story of Love Canal, in Niagara Falls, New York, reads like the script for a not-very-believable movie about a town invaded by aliens from space. As early as the late '50s, people who lived in the area noticed weird, black sludge sweating from the cinder blocks in their basements. Pond water turned yellow, orange, even purple. Trees withered, and their leaves fell off. Lawns died. Nasty odors filled the air and, finally, filled people's houses too.

The people who lived around Love Canal seemed to get sick a lot. Mysterious rashes, headaches, dizzy spells and allergies were commonplace. So were nausea, internal pains and even such science-fiction symptoms as colored perspiration. There was more cancer, more respiratory disease, more deafness than anyone might expect in a small community.

In 1978 the health department of the

state of New York passed out a questionnaire to people who lived near Love Canal. The results were shocking. More than 35% of the women in one age group had suffered spontaneous abortions. (The odds against that occurring by chance are 250 to 1.) In one small section of the neighborhood, four children had been born with birth defects: club feet, retardation and deafness.

Investigators didn't have to look far for the cause of these miseries. In 1942 the Hooker Chemical Company had begun using the canal for dumping waste residues. By the time the Love Canal story became front-page news in 1978, at least 20,000 tons of chemical waste had been emptied into the narrow ditch. Hooker's waste substances were leaching out into the ground surrounding the area, poisoning the neighborhood like an evil witches' brew.

Included in the deadly soup that soaked into the soil around Love Canal were:

- **Benzene**, an ingredient found in feedstock, gasoline and industrial solvents. It enters the environment when its vapors spread through the air, causing leukemia.

- **PCBs**, probably the most widespread chemical contaminant in our environment. These complex compounds are long-lasting and heat- and flame-resistant. They've been found to cause

various skin diseases, loss of appetite, decreased sex drive, liver damage, cancer and death.

PCBs are so dangerous that, regardless of their many uses, it's been illegal to process, manufacture or sell them in the U.S. since 1979. They have already worked their way into the soil, the air, the water, snow, fish, beef, turkeys—as well as mothers' milk. It's a good bet that the PCBs already spilled by companies will be around to contaminate our environment for decades, maybe for as long as a hundred years.

- **Dioxin**, a by-product of manufacturing 2,4,5-trichlorophenol, an ingredient of such herbicides as the infamous "Agent Orange," used by the U.S. military in Vietnam. We don't know exactly how poisonous dioxin is, but it's been estimated that three ounces would be enough to kill a million people.

The substance causes birth defects, and some scientists suspect that it causes cancer. Respected environmental writer Thomas Whiteside figures that 130 pounds of the chemical are buried in Love Canal. That's about equal to all the dioxin dumped on Vietnam during the entire war.

- **C-56**, used in the manufacture of such pesticides as Mirex and Kepone. It enters the environment through water, and from there works its way into the food chain. It causes nerve and liver damage, slurred speech, loss of memory, and sterility. There's hardly an organ in your body that C-56 can't damage.

Will there be more Love Canals? You can bet on it. Currently the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency estimates there are 50,000 known sites where hazardous materials are stored or buried. The EPA says 2,000 of these could present "significant imminent hazards" to the health of people around them.

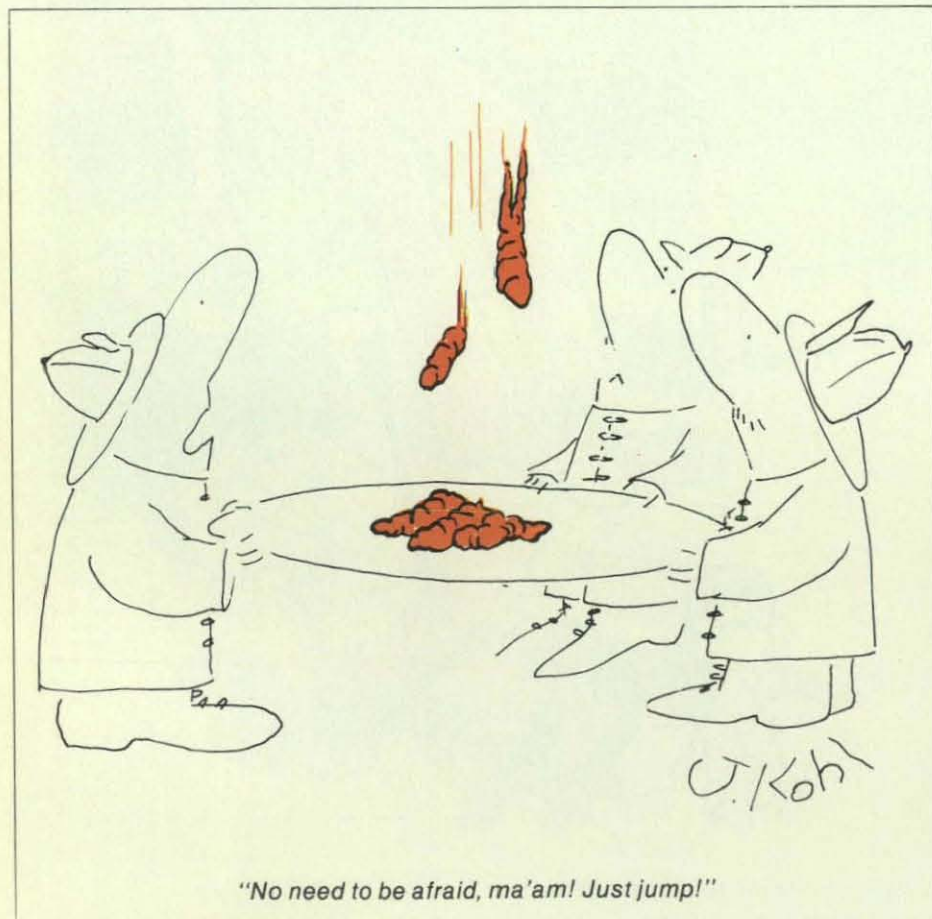
CARCINOGENIC POISONS

Cancer kills slowly and painfully, and there is no certain cure. In 1900 it killed only one out of every 25 Americans. In 1981 cancer will kill one in five.

What's causing this horrible epidemic? "Chemicals from some of our basic industries," says Mike Picker, "including rubber, petrochemicals and textiles, are the reason why we're experiencing a surge in cancer like we've never seen before."

Picker is an organizer with the Campaign for Economic Democracy's Cancer Project, a group that seeks to educate the public about cancer and to prevent the disease's environmental causes. According to statistics from the World Health Organization and the U.S. Department of Health and Human

(continued on page 74)



"No need to be afraid, ma'am! Just jump!"

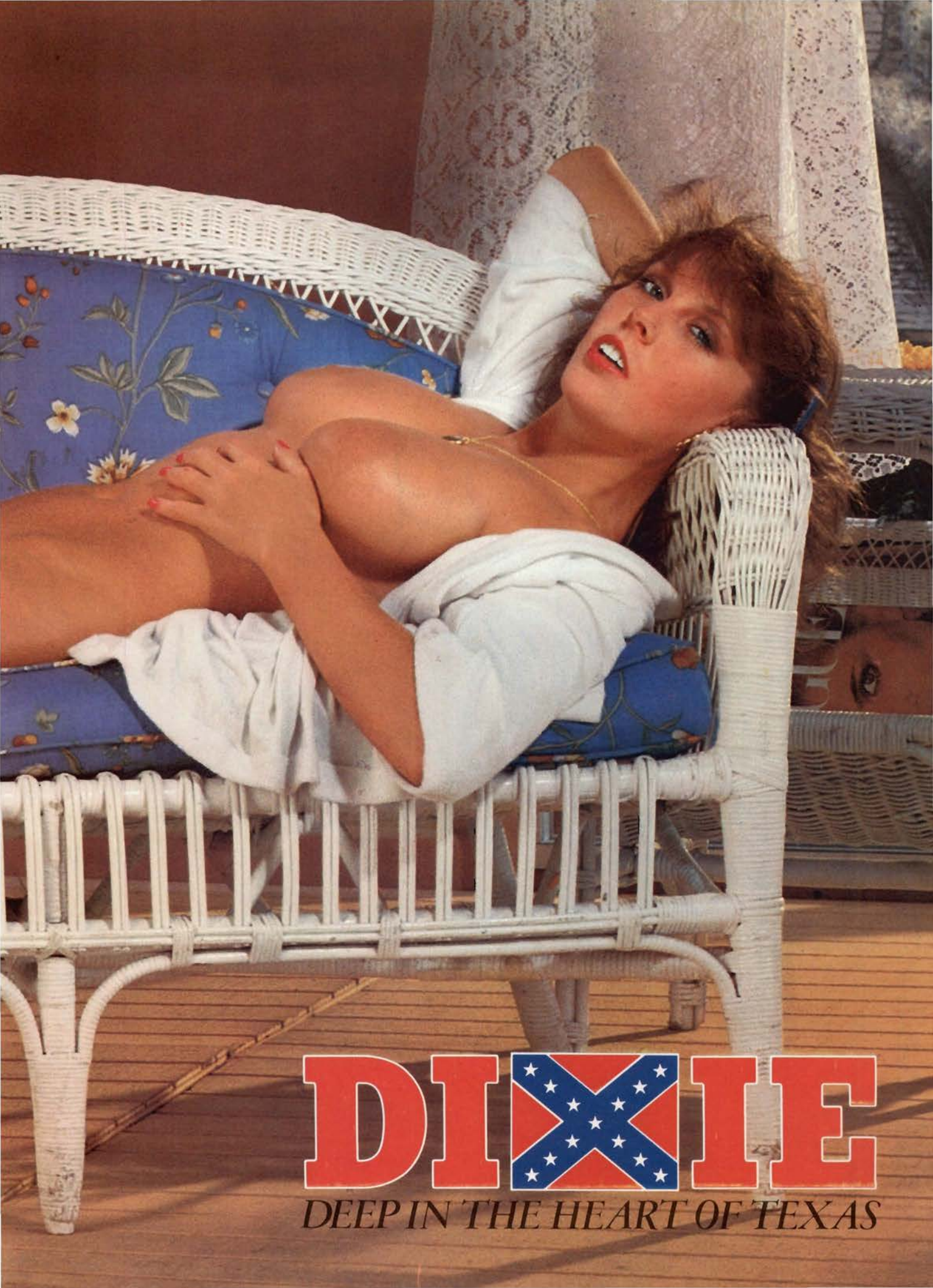


SHAWN
KERRI

"Mom, Billy went wading in that canal you told him to keep out of!"



Photography by Matti Klatt



DIXIE

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS



Like most Texas girls, Dixie is proud of her state. She insists she'll never live anywhere else. "I like my men big," says the voluptuous young travel agent. "If they make 'em any bigger than in Texas, I'd like to know where." Why is size so important to Dixie? "I'm not so small myself," she says proudly, "and I want men to take physical control over me during sex. I need to feel that driving power and that hard strength against my body. It takes a big man to please me."











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HUSTLER'S HONEY · FEBRUARY 1981



Two nuns walked into a liquor store and asked for a bottle of brandy. The liquor-store owner eyed them suspiciously and then ventured, "Do you mind, sisters, if I ask you what the brandy's for?"

"Well, my son," one sister answered, "it's for our Mother Superior. She's troubled with constipation."

The proprietor sold the nuns the brandy and shortly after closed up the store and walked out to his car. There in the alley behind the store he spotted the two nuns swaying and singing with their arms around each other, drunker than hell.

Angered, the liquor-store owner stormed up to them and said, "What is the meaning of this? You told me the brandy was for your Mother Superior's constipation!"

"It ish," slobbered a giggling nun. "She's gonna shit when she sees us."

Question: What's the state vegetable of New Jersey?

Answer: Karen Anne Quinlan

A woman went to a doctor with a complaint. After she disrobed, the doctor was surprised to see one perfectly shaped breast while the other was stretched out and nearly touched the floor.

"In all my years of practice I've never seen anything like this!" the doctor exclaimed.

"Well, my husband likes to suck on that tit," the woman informed him.

"There's nothing abnormal about that," the doctor replied.

"Oh, I know that," the woman remarked. "But we have bunk beds!"

One day Jesus was walking through the streets of Jerusalem when He came upon a mob stoning a young woman. He quickly stepped in front of the woman to protect her.

"Let whoever among you who is without sin cast the first stone," He shouted to the crowd.

Suddenly a rock sailed out from the rear of the group, smacking the Lord on the skull. Rubbing His head painfully, He looked up and said, "You know, Mom, sometimes you really piss me off."

A man and a woman were stranded on a life raft after their boat had sunk. Finally one morning the woman awoke to find the man holding a knife under his limp cock. "What are you doing?" she gasped.

"I can't help it," the man said. "I've just got to have something to eat!"

"Wait!" the woman pleaded. "Let me play with it awhile. Then there'll be enough for both of us!"

A little boy wanted \$100 very badly, and his mother told him to pray to God for it. He prayed and prayed for two weeks, but nothing turned up. Then he decided to write God for the money. When the postal authorities received the letter addressed to God, they opened it and decided to forward it to the White House.

The President was so touched and amused by the request that he instructed his secretary to send the little boy a check for \$5, figuring that that would appear to be a lot of money to a youngster.

When the money finally arrived, the little boy was delighted. He sat down to write a thank-you letter, which ran as follows:

"Dear God: Thank you very much for sending me the money I requested. I noticed that you had to send it through Washington, and, as usual, those bastards deducted \$95."

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines a *cotton-picker* as: a girl who lost the string to her tampon.

Question: What's green and yellow and eats nuts?
Answer: Gonorrhea.

There was this prostitute who amassed a fortune and decided to retire. She thought she'd fulfill her lifelong dream of marrying a virgin who was over 40. So she sent out feelers all around the world and, sure enough, heard from a virgin truck driver who lived in the backcountry of Australia. They met, fell madly in love and got married.

On their wedding night, after the retired prostitute had freshened herself up in the bathroom, she found her new husband standing stark naked in the middle of

the honeymoon suite. He had taken all the furniture, including the queen-size bed, and piled it up in one corner of the room.

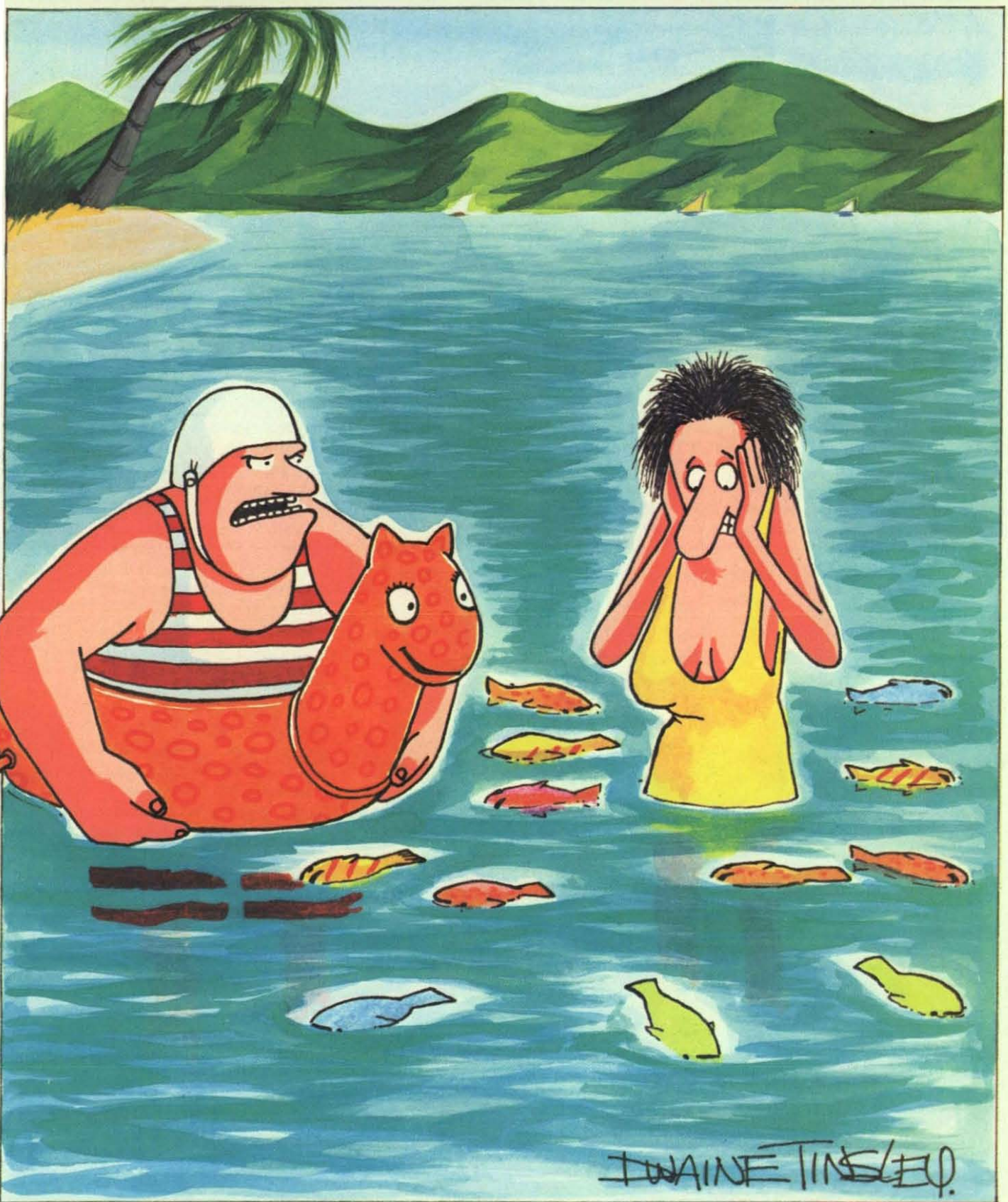
"What in the hell is this all about?!" she demanded.

The Australian truck driver replied: "Well, it's true, darling, that I ain't never made love to a woman before. But if it's anything like fuckin' a kangaroo, then we're gonna need all the room we can get!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$50. Sorry, but we can't return submissions.



CHESTER & HESTER



"Dammit, Hester! Did you forget to douche again?! You're killing all the pretty little fishes!"

YOU ARE BEING POISONED!

(continued from page 60)

Services, between 75% and 90% of all cancer is caused by environmental factors. A 1978 federal study suggests that as many as 38% of all cancers are caused by exposure to carcinogens on the job. We also encounter cancer-causing agents in our water, in the air, in the food we eat and in our consumer products.

In Our Water. In 1974, scientists discovered 48 chemicals—including benzene, chloroform and dimethylsulfoxide—in the Mississippi River. All three are powerful carcinogens. Did people who lived along the river's banks suffer proportionately higher cancer rates than other Americans? Yes. In fact, New Orleans, at the mouth of the river, once had the nation's third-highest kidney-cancer rate. Its rate for certain cancers was three times that of such other Southern cities as Atlanta and polluted Birmingham, Alabama—both of which had alternate water supplies.

Almost any poison that goes into the ground will eventually wind up in our water. Thus, PCBs have been found in lakes and rivers (and in fish) all over America. DBCP, a pesticide that causes sterility and genetic damage in humans, and cancer in laboratory animals, was found in 1979 in the water supplies of 12

California counties. Trace amounts even turned up in the water at Disneyland. Yet the state banned the substance in 1977. Mike Picker notes that Dow Chemical, the pesticide's manufacturer, "knew it was damaging to rats, but kept the report to itself for 12 years."

Recently scientists have learned that the carcinogen chloroform may be produced by the chlorination of water—a chemical process used by many towns and rural areas to *purify* their drinking water. An Ohio State University study of 200 counties across the U.S. discovered that people using chlorinated water had higher rates of bladder and colonic cancer.

In the Air. What part does air pollution play in causing cancer? Researchers are not certain. But they are sure that twice as many people die from lung cancer in cities as in rural areas, and that's a fact that can't be ignored.

It is known that auto exhaust contains benzene and that benzene causes leukemia. It has also been found that people working in or living near asbestos factories develop lung cancer. Vinyl-chloride plant workers are prone to liver cancers. And indications are that employees of zinc- and copper-smelters have higher cancer rates than most people, thanks to the cadmium and arsenic released during the smelting process.

Cigarette smoke is another airborne carcinogen; like benzene and asbestos dust, it works its damage in your lungs. Even coal, the highly touted "energy source of the 1980s," contains traces of arsenic, cadmium and all sorts of carcinogenic PAHs (polynuclear aromatic hydrocarbons)—all of which get released into the atmosphere when coal burns.

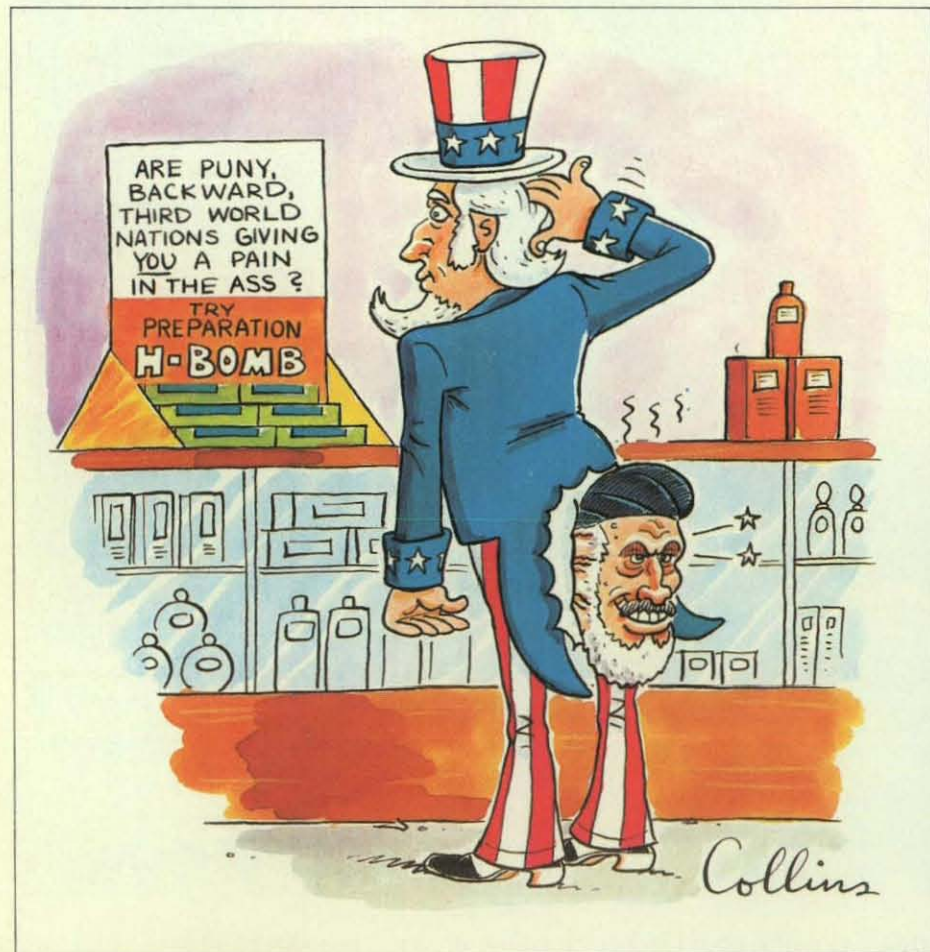
In Our Food. From womb to tomb, Americans are being poisoned by the food they eat. Disgustingly enough, the process starts with the milk we drink from our mothers' own breasts. "If human milk were marketed in interstate commerce, much of it would be condemned by the Food and Drug Administration," says Dr. James Allen of the University of Wisconsin Medical School. Allen's data show that the "average" nursing infant in the United States consumes *every day* about one-sixth the quantity of PCBs that have caused bad reactions in rhesus monkeys. A 1976 EPA study of 1,400 nursing mothers found that 90% of them had PCBs in their milk. Almost 76% had benzene hexachloride and the pesticide dieldrin. All the mothers' milk showed traces of the cancer-causing pesticide DDT, and many samples contained the pesticides dioxin, Kepone and Mirex.

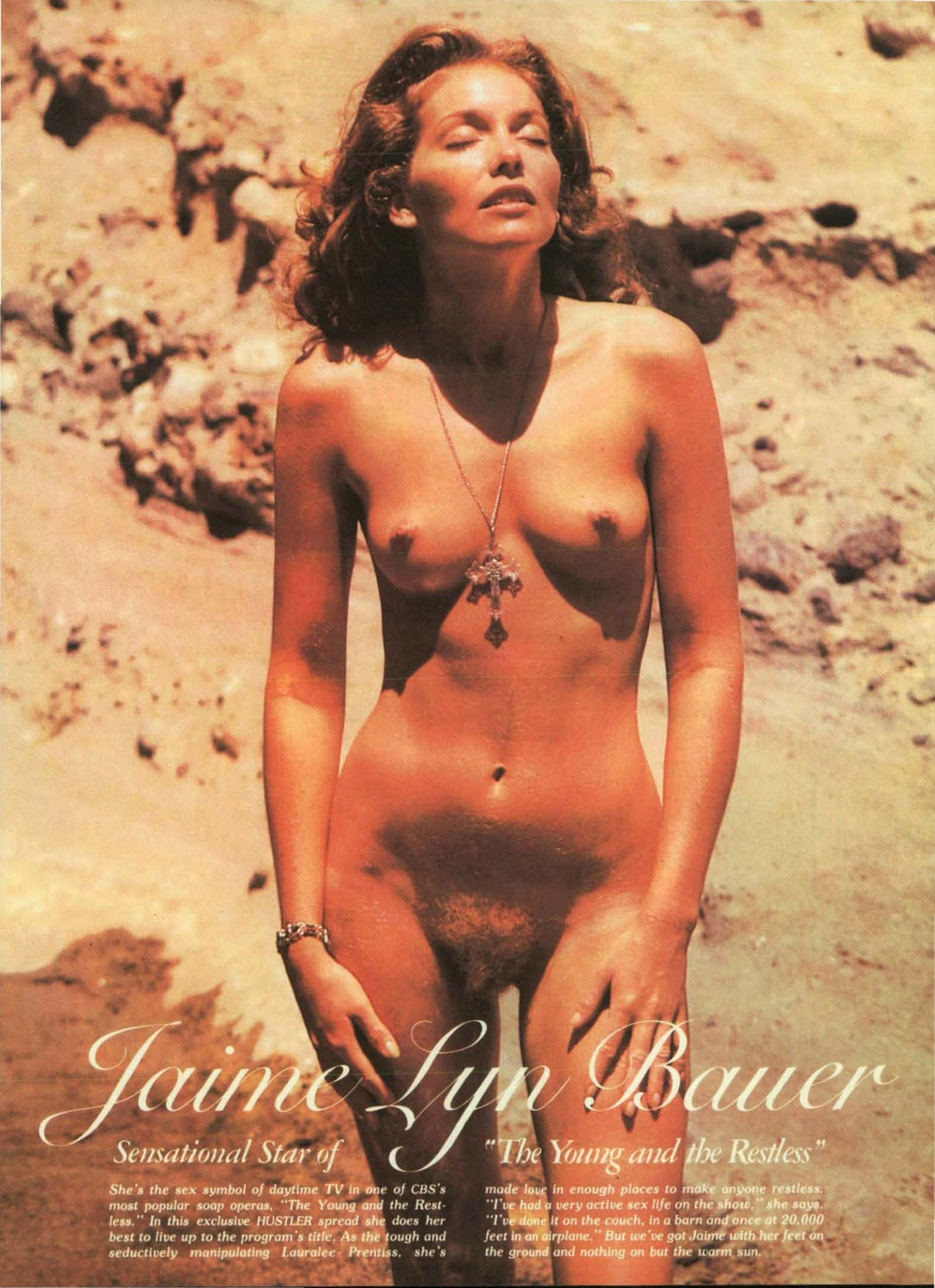
While it may be good to the last drop, coffee may also contain chlordane, Kepone, DDT, aldrin and benomyl—all pesticides and all dangerous. These substances are banned in the U.S. But they're legal in many of the tropical countries that grow the coffee beans we brew, not to mention the bananas, grapes, onions and peppers we eat.

Booze, another favorite American beverage, is not only dangerous by itself to your liver and your brain cells. But people who smoke *and* drink at the same time run a higher risk of cancer of the mouth and throat than do people who indulge in only one (or none) of these vices.

You already know the dangers of tap water. Bottled water isn't so good for you either. "Mineral water can be dangerous to your health," says Eugene Bowers, a water-purification engineer with Southern California's Metropolitan Water District. "In one brand, Calistoga water, there was a black mass, or specks, in the water that you could actually see. Others had levels of arsenic higher than I would like to drink." Among the brands with too much arsenic were Calistoga, Vichy and Bartlett. Calso, Apollinaris and Vichy had "unsafe" levels of sodium and salt. Perrier and Poland didn't even have enough minerals to qualify as mineral water under California law. This prompted food-

(continued on page 78)



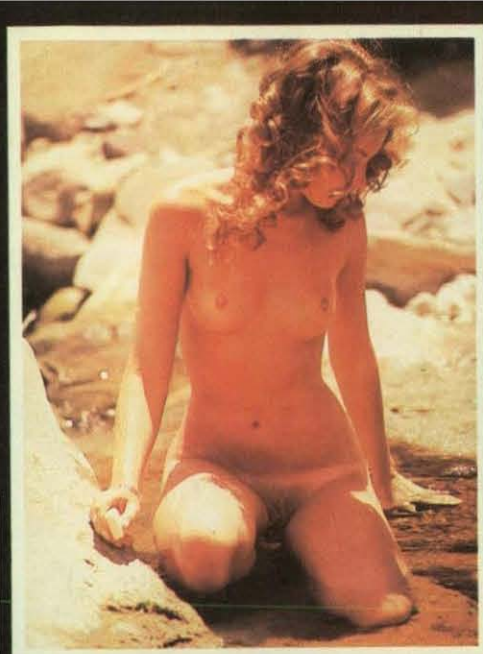


Jaime Lyn Bauer

Sensational Star of "The Young and the Restless"

She's the sex symbol of daytime TV in one of CBS's most popular soap operas, "The Young and the Restless." In this exclusive HUSTLER spread she does her best to live up to the program's title. As the tough and seductively manipulating Lauralee Prentiss, she's

made love in enough places to make anyone restless. "I've had a very active sex life on the show," she says. "I've done it on the couch, in a barn and once at 20,000 feet in an airplane." But we've got Jaime with her feet on the ground and nothing on but the warm sun.





One of the hardest things for Jaime to adjust to is how deeply soap-opera viewers become involved with the characters on the show. Being a basically shy person who prefers solitude, she often feels her fans are encroaching on her privacy. This quiet spot seems the perfect setting to escape the trappings of fast-lane living and get back to nature. Especially since nature's been so good to Jaime Lyn.

YOU ARE BEING POISONED!

(continued from page 74)

technology specialist Dr. Jack Shene-man to say, "These tests mean that mineral waters as they are sold in America are kind of a gentle hoax."

The cans that much of our food comes in may cause problems. Besides the risk of lead poisoning from the metal containers, improperly processed canned food is sometimes contaminated with bacillus botulinum, which causes botulism, the most lethal bacteria known. Some canned tuna was found to contain these deadly organisms about 20 years ago. As recently as 1979, 450,000 cans of mushrooms processed by Emil Lerch, Inc., of Hatfield, Pennsylvania, were found to be contaminated by bacillus botulinum.

Sometimes poisons are put into the foodstuffs consumed by our sources of food. Early in 1980 the FDA found out that two Texas Panhandle feedlots, with a capacity of 200,000 head of cattle, had been implanting DES (diethylstilbestrol) into animals' ears. DES is a synthetic female hormone that makes cattle gain weight quicker, and thus produces fatter profits for ranchers. The FDA banned its use in July 1979 because it induces cancer and birth defects in humans.

Nitrofurans drugs, fed to animals to

prevent the growth of parasites, are also carcinogenic. And sometimes accidental contaminants—PCBs and such cancer-causing herbicides and pesticides as 2,4,5-T ("Agent Orange"), dioxin, heptachlor, EDB, chlordane and C-56—drain through the soil into the water, enter the food chain and eventually are eaten by humans.

Some carcinogens are deliberately added to food. Saccharin, the artificial sweetener found in many diet foods and soft drinks, has caused cancer in rats. It hasn't been banned yet, because so many people say they can't get along without it. But red dye 2—once the most widely used food dye—has been banned. And so have other such coal-tar dyes as red 1, red 32, green 1 and yellow-butter dye.

Nitrites—used as preservatives or coloring agents in processed meats like hot dogs and bologna—don't cause cancer by themselves. When they're combined with amines (a natural component found in fish and many other foods), they form nitrosamines—which are very carcinogenic indeed. Cooking meat over an open fire or grill accelerates the formation of nitrosamines. Amines are also found in cigarette smoke and in the cold remedy Contac.

There's some glum new evidence suggesting that your intake of fatty foods

has some relationship to your chances of contracting cancer of the breast or colon. No one's ready to say yet that fats cause cancer. In fact, some fat intake is necessary for good health. But until the verdict is in, it might be wise to restrict your intake of fatty foods such as red meat, liver and dairy products, while increasing the fiber in your diet.

Meats may sound pretty bad. Yet a vegetarian diet won't keep you safe either. The U.S. government maintains a list of "seldom-consumed" produce, including blueberries, brussel sprouts, avocados, plums, mushrooms and radishes. Because the Feds assume the average American eats small amounts of these foods each year, they allow relatively high levels of pesticides to be used in growing them. The result: Avocado advocates and brussel-sprout buffs may be eating more pesticides than they bargained for—maybe even enough to damage their health.

RADIATION

The average American receives 130 millirems of ionizing radiation from such natural background sources as radioactive elements in his body (chiefly potassium), cosmic rays from space, and radioactive elements in the earth (uranium, potassium, thorium). He also absorbs between 100 and 190 millirems of ionizing radiation from man-made sources, and it's this dosage that's causing concern about our health. Ionizing radiation, the kind of radiation that strips electrons from atoms, is most often encountered in cosmic rays, X-rays and exposure to radioactive materials. It's definitely known as a cause of cancer. Prolonged exposure can lead to radiation sickness and death.

About nine-tenths of man-made ionizing radiation comes from radiopharmaceuticals and X-rays. Radiopharmaceuticals—drugs, such as radioactive barium, that are given to patients so their progress through the body can be more easily traced—are taken by a small percentage of the population, those people known or suspected to have specific disorders. X-rays are administered to almost every one of us.

As far back as 1906 it was suspected that X-rays were dangerous. X-ray therapy—the kind of irradiation given today only to cancer patients—was once thought to cure asthma, whooping cough and inflammation of the lymph nodes, thymus gland and tonsils. About a million people were irradiated for therapeutic reasons between 1920 and 1955. As a result, the rate of thyroid cancer jumped from 2.4 to 3.9 per 100,000 Americans. One British study of chil-

(continued on page 90)



"Picture hooks only cost a lousy 50¢!!"



"It's the caffeine. My doctor says it makes me tense!"

Dream Lover



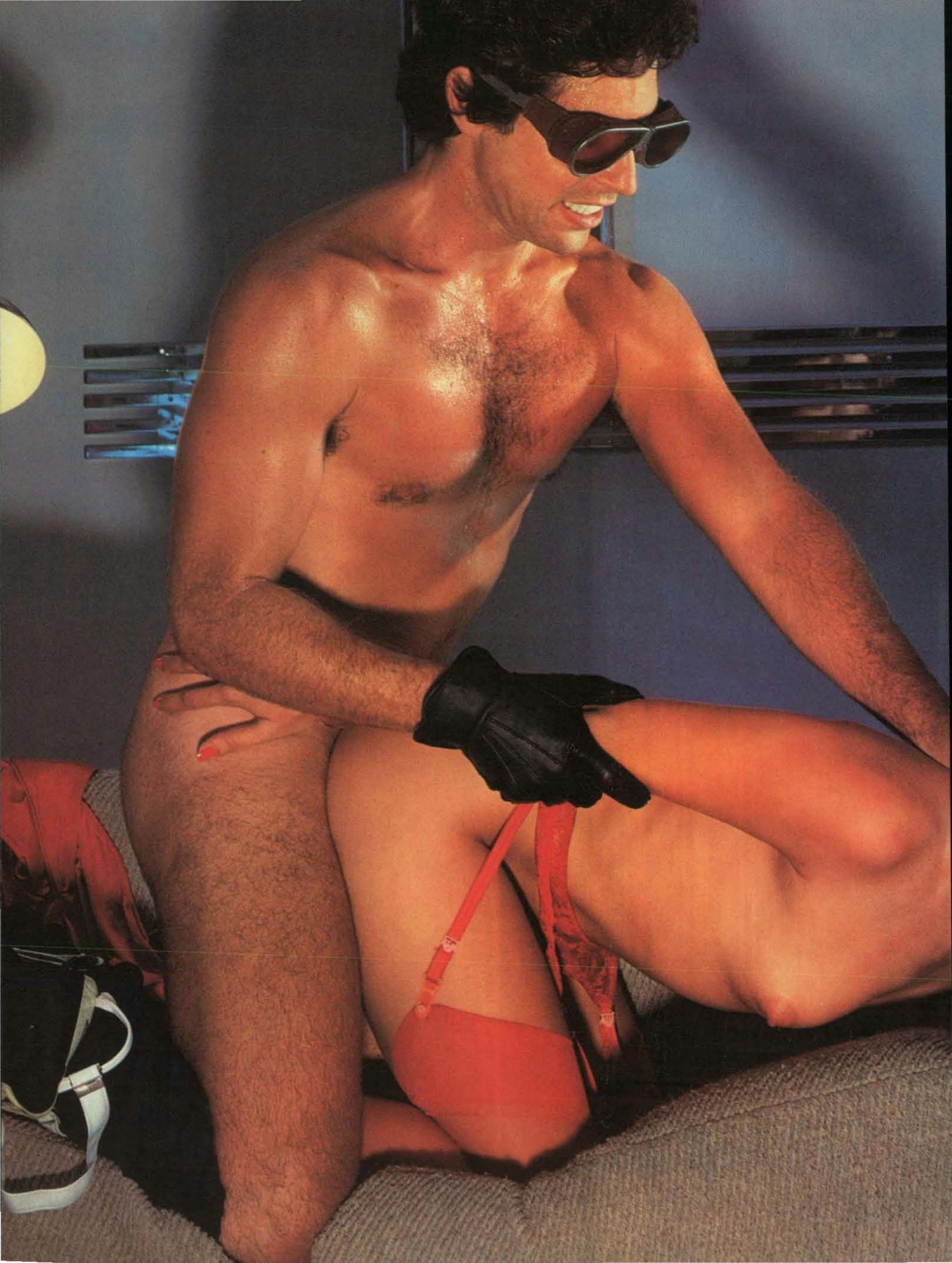
Photography by Matti Klatt



The peacefulness of her sleep is invaded by the explosive entrance of the stranger. Dark, handsome and domineering, he forces her into total submission. Even in sleep, she senses the erotic nature of the humiliation to which he subjects her. The dream lover forces her to confront the primitive violence long suppressed in civilized men and women. She knows that in his dreams she would be the one who wields the power.





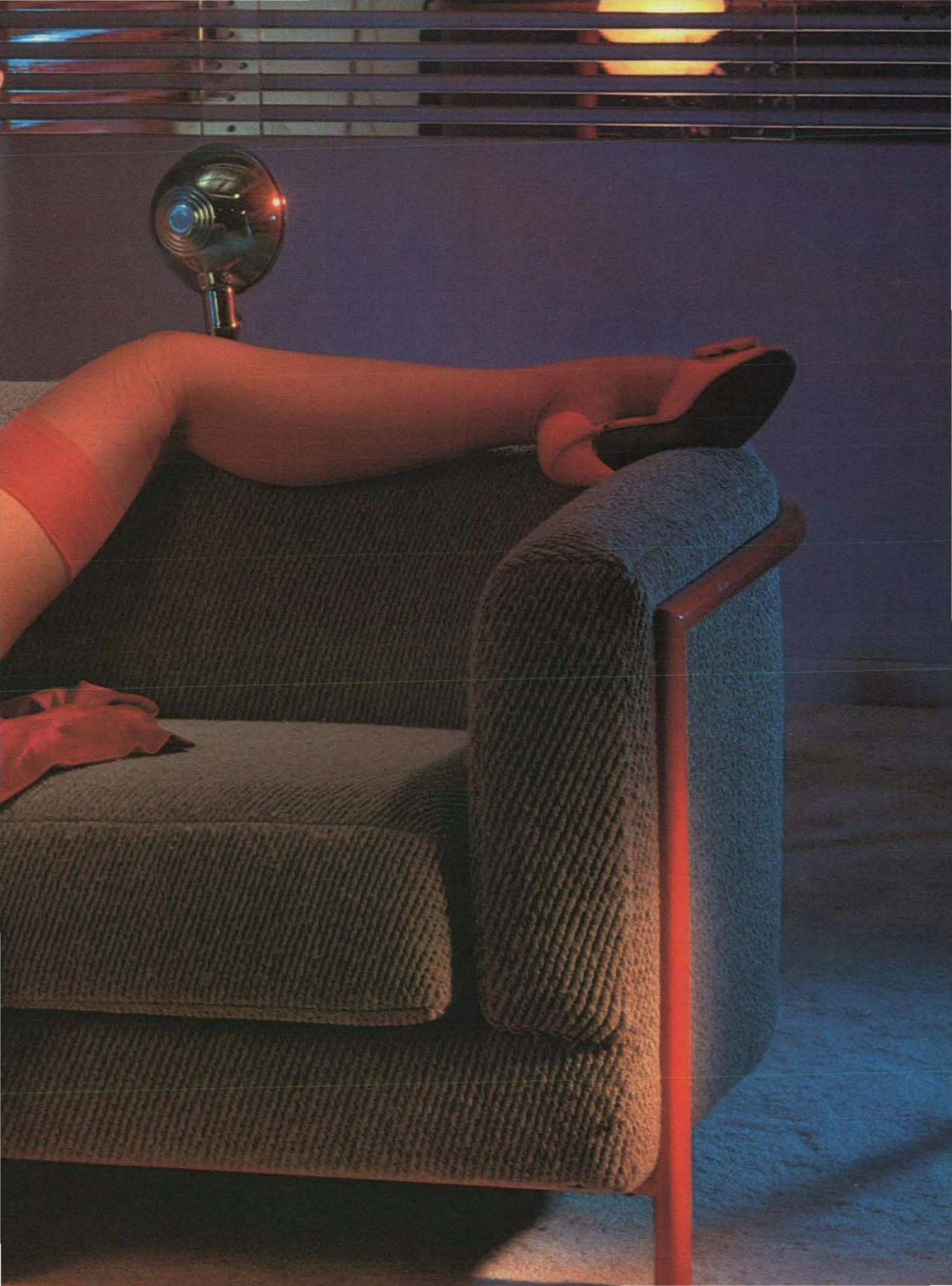












YOU ARE BEING POISONED!

(continued from page 78)

dren who'd received X-ray therapy for an arthritic spinal disease found that the leukemia-death rate was ten times what would have been expected.

How many X-rays can you have before you're in trouble? As with carcinogens, there's no "safe" amount.

There are other, newer and more sinister sources of man-made ionizing radiation. One is the enriched uranium used in nuclear-power plants like Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island facility. So far, America's nuclear-power industry has produced 2,500 metric tons of waste material. By the year 2000 we'll have almost 200,000 metric tons on our hands—with no way to store it permanently and safely. And how do we get rid of the plutonium-239 that goes into hydrogen bombs? The stuff remains deadly radioactive for more than 24,000 years. If plutonium-239 had been produced during the last Ice Age, it would be almost safe to have it around by now.

Uranium tailings—the waste produced when the element is extracted from ore by mechanical crushing—are also radioactive. In one year the state of Wyoming alone produced 3 million tons of tailings. In 1979 an earthen dam collapsed near Church Rock, New Mexico,

and dumped tons of tailings into the Rio Puerco, which flows through eastern Arizona. Authorities posted signs in English, Spanish and Navajo warning the locals to stay away from the contaminated stream.

If you work with radiation on the job, you're one of the still-small minority of Americans who face another radiation-connected danger: radiation sickness. On August 30, 1976, Harold McCluskey was working near a vat containing radioactive Americium at Hanford, Washington, when the vat exploded. The blast tore off his safety mask. Americium, acid, and glass and metal shards sprayed his face, eyes, right shoulder and neck.

McCluskey absorbed 5,000 times the "acceptable" dose of radiation. His mere presence sets off Geiger counters 50 feet away. During an almost-six-month quarantine he was treated by doctors wearing protective clothing who washed him over and over and flushed the Americium out of his system. "I'm still being treated," McCluskey says, "but I'm apparently getting along pretty good." He can walk now, and he sees with impaired vision. (McCluskey was one of several tragic case histories cited in *Nuclear Disasters: How They Lied to You*, HUSTLER, April 1980.)

The grimmest and most unnecessary source of deadly ionizing radiation is

aboveground nuclear testing. Every human on earth now carries radioactive-fallout residue in his body. It has been estimated that fallout accounts for 2.5% of Mr. Average American's annual radiation dose.

Radio waves, microwave emissions and energy waves emitted by power lines generate another kind of radiation to worry about: *non-ionizing radiation*. Until recently, everybody thought it was harmless. Now we've found out that levels of electromagnetic radiation such as those recorded from 300 to 500 feet away from a high-voltage power line can cause stunted growth in animals, and changes in blood chemistry and heart rate in animals and humans.

According to W. Ross Adey of UCLA's Brain Research Institute, "electric smog" from sources of non-ionizing radiation may alter our natural biological rhythms, the rhythms that regulate waking, sleeping and thousands of other bodily processes. These rhythms are sensitive to the earth's electromagnetic field. Artificially generated fields force the body to readjust, putting stress on our bodies and causing a general breakdown in resistance to disease.

More ominously, researchers at the University of Colorado have found that the death rate for certain cancers—including leukemia—is higher than average in homes located within 130 feet of power lines. Other cases have been reported in which the cancer-death rate is higher than expected in people whose work exposes them to microwaves—like the ones in your microwave oven.

Non-ionizing radiation hasn't been proved to be cancer-inducing yet, but the circumstantial evidence is strong. And *no* form of non-ionizing radiation has been proved to be absolutely safe.

MUTAGENS AND TERATOGENS

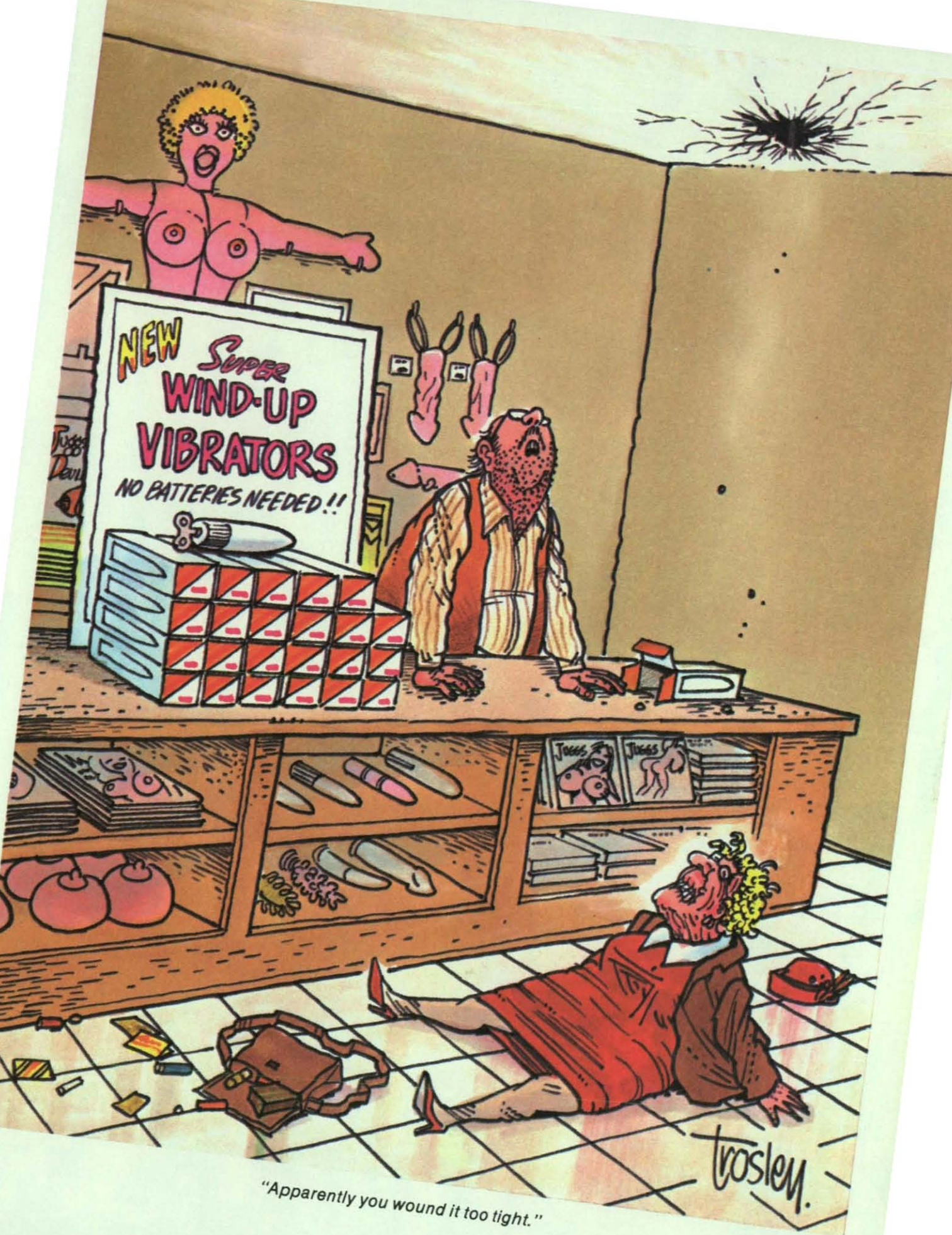
Of the millions of tons of pollutants mankind has belched into the environment since the beginning of the Industrial Age, those most threatening to human survival are mutagenic chemicals (which damage our genetic material), and teratogenic substances (which cause birth defects). Both threaten the most basic function of any species: the ability to reproduce.

Ultraviolet light can damage your genes. So can X-rays and cosmic rays. So apparently does cigarette smoke. So do the herbicide 2,4,5-T and the pesticide DBCP.

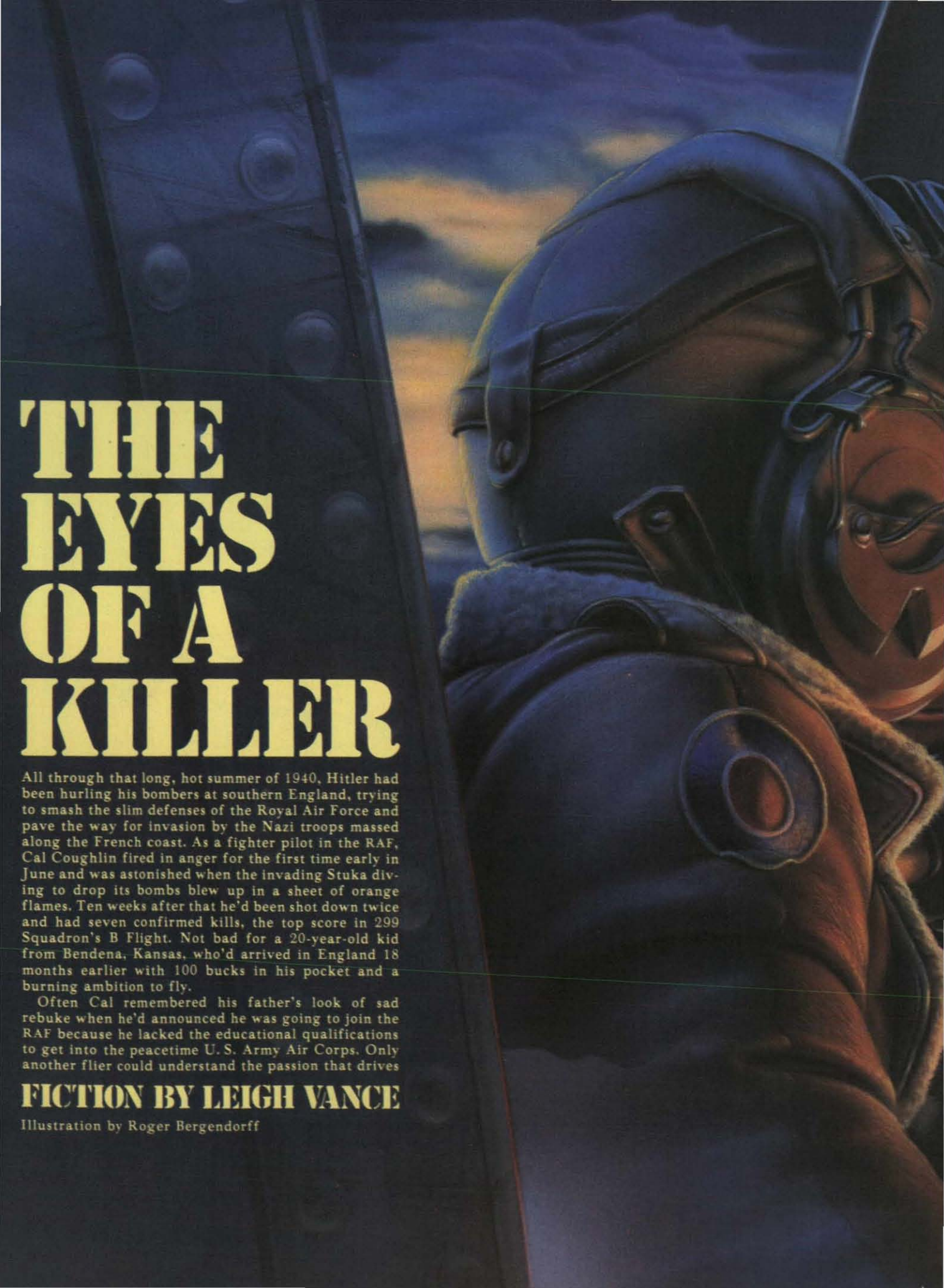
Some mutagenic chemicals cause cancer. We're not sure what causes a cell to mutate and turn cancerous. Based on the latest evidence, we *think* something happens to the cell's genetic material. In

(continued on page 132)





"Apparently you wound it too tight."



THE EYES OF A KILLER

All through that long, hot summer of 1940, Hitler had been hurling his bombers at southern England, trying to smash the slim defenses of the Royal Air Force and pave the way for invasion by the Nazi troops massed along the French coast. As a fighter pilot in the RAF, Cal Coughlin fired in anger for the first time early in June and was astonished when the invading Stuka diving to drop its bombs blew up in a sheet of orange flames. Ten weeks after that he'd been shot down twice and had seven confirmed kills, the top score in 299 Squadron's B Flight. Not bad for a 20-year-old kid from Bendena, Kansas, who'd arrived in England 18 months earlier with 100 bucks in his pocket and a burning ambition to fly.

Often Cal remembered his father's look of sad rebuke when he'd announced he was going to join the RAF because he lacked the educational qualifications to get into the peacetime U. S. Army Air Corps. Only another flier could understand the passion that drives

FICTION BY LEIGH VANCE

Illustration by Roger Bergendorff



a pilot into the air, and his father was of a time that thought if God had wanted men to fly, he'd have given them wings.

Although he was an American, Cal shared the feeling of the rest of the squadron that they were fighting to preserve something precious against a savage invader. His hatred for the German bombers was almost an obsession. On his last snatched leave he'd gone to a nearby hospital to see a fellow pilot who'd parachuted down with cannon fragments in his back and one eye hanging out on his cheek. In the corridor he'd passed a children's ward. Just inside the long room a pair of tiny artificial legs with white socks and party shoes leaned against the bed. Above them their owner, a wan-faced child of about five, stared sightlessly at the ceiling.

He remembered that now as Teddy Tilgrin led the squadron down from 20,000 feet in a screaming dive on a cluster of attacking bombers—some 40 Dorniers, Heinkels and JU-88s. With grim intensity, Cal selected his target in the leading formation and went after the olive-green plane with the ugly black crosses outlined in white on the sides of its fuselage. As his plunging dive brought the Spitfire closer, he adjusted the reflector sight for the wingspan of a Heinkel-111, determined to move in to

the certain killing range of 150 yards before opening fire.

The Heinkel's mid-upper dorsal gunner was firing, the tracer sliding up toward him before whipping harmlessly over his head. Cal flicked his eyes to the turn-and-bank indicator, then pressed his thumb on the gun button. There was a sound like ripping canvas. The recoil of his eight Brownings slowed the plane momentarily, as if a giant hand had gripped the tail, and the smell of cordite filled the cockpit. When the dorsal gunner stopped firing, Cal switched his aim to the starboard engine, keeping his thumb down hard in a seven-second burst.

He heard Dave Bentham's frantic voice in his earphones. "Blue One, break right! Break right!"

Glancing in his mirror, Cal spotted the yellow nose of a Messerschmitt-109 closing on his tail, still out of range. He had maybe two seconds. Staying behind the wounded bomber, out of range of the gunner in the ventral gondola under the fuselage, he lined up on the cockpit and fired a quick squirt of bullets. Flames started to lick along the Heinkel's fuselage. Then a swirl of black smoke belched from the engine as it caught fire. The plane lurched heavily and began to go down in a screaming dive.

Suddenly Cal felt something thump

violently behind his head, and bits of metal went whanging around the cockpit. There was a quick slicing blow in his neck, another in his leg, and the instrument panel dissolved in a burst of shattered glass. Chopping the throttle, he kicked the right-rudder pedal and hauled back on the stick with all his strength. The unexpected loss of speed and quick maneuver took the Messerschmitt by surprise, and it went storming on down, unable to check its headlong dive and follow him. Cal felt the blood drain from his eyes as the G-forces hit him, but he kept the pressure on, slamming open the throttle to complete the arc of the loop before rolling out off the top back into level flight.

In the curious way of dogfights the sky, which had been teeming with whirling aircraft, now seemed empty. He took stock of his position. The blood from his neck wound was trickling down inside his shirt and settling between his thighs. His right leg was a little stiff, but he felt no pain, and he could still move it.

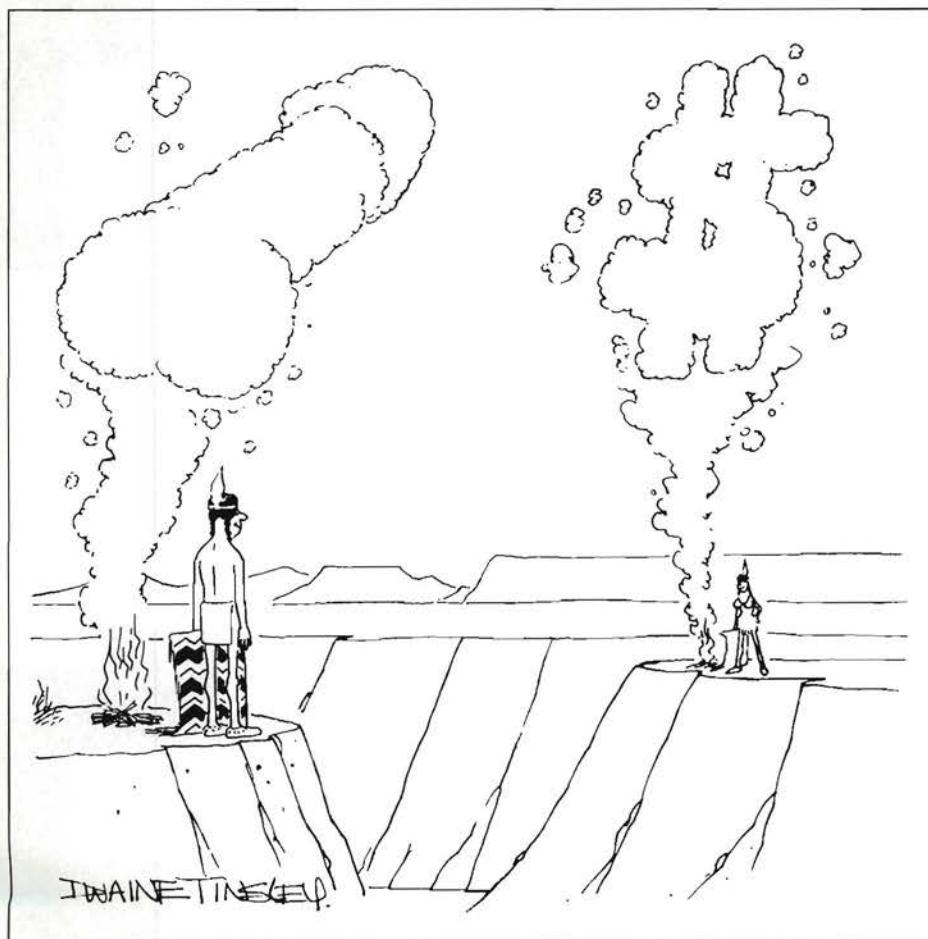
The Spitfire's engine was banging ominously, and puffs of dirty-looking smoke came whipping out of the exhaust stubs. His instrument panel was a wreck, but he judged he was around 9,000 feet. Raising his goggles, he unclipped the oxygen mask and let it fall to the side of his helmet. Pulling back the cockpit hood, he oriented himself, changing to a course that would take him back to the airfield.

A piece of cannon shell had evidently left a hole in the gas tank, since there was a distinct and uncomfortable stink of fuel in the cockpit. Cal hastily slid the goggles down over his eyes and replaced the oxygen mask to protect his face. If his Spitfire was going to burn, he didn't want to end up with baboonlike circles of burned steak around his eyes, the trademark of most wounded fighter pilots.

An inch of fuel was sloshing about under his feet. He thought about bailing out but decided against it. So far as he could see, the plane wasn't too badly damaged—and aircraft were valuable. The greatest danger would come when he closed the throttle for landing, causing sparks to fizz back out of the manifolds. He decided to risk it and nurse her in anyway.

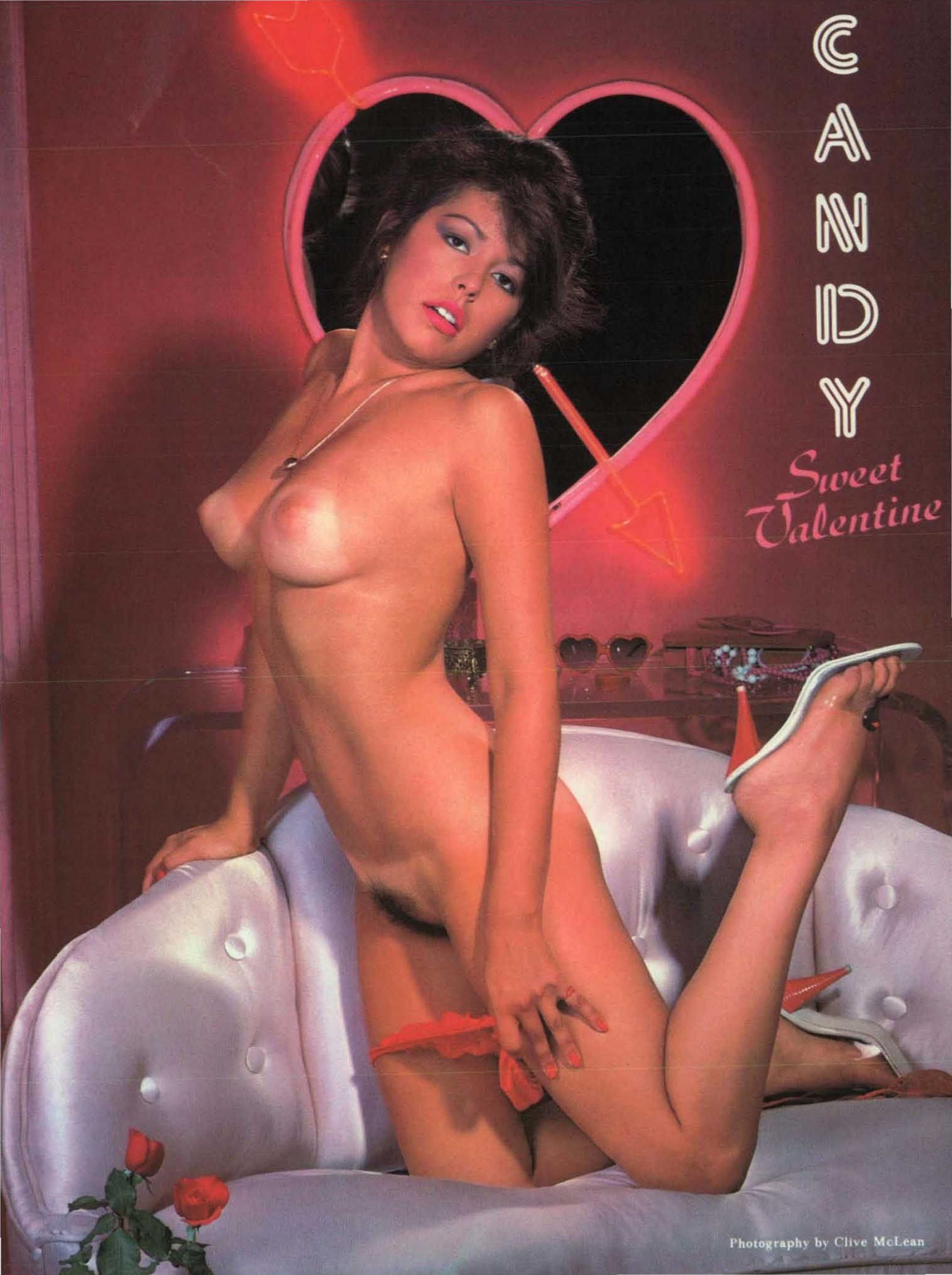
At 1,000 feet the fire hazard solved itself when the engine cut out with a clatter, and a lump of oil splashed over the bulletproof windscreen, blinding him. Skidding and slipping to see around the blocked glass, he came straight into the airfield at 90 mph, putting his Spitfire down with a rattling thump in a neat three-point landing.

After the medical officer put six
(continued on page 100)



C
A
N
D
Y

*Sweet
Valentine*

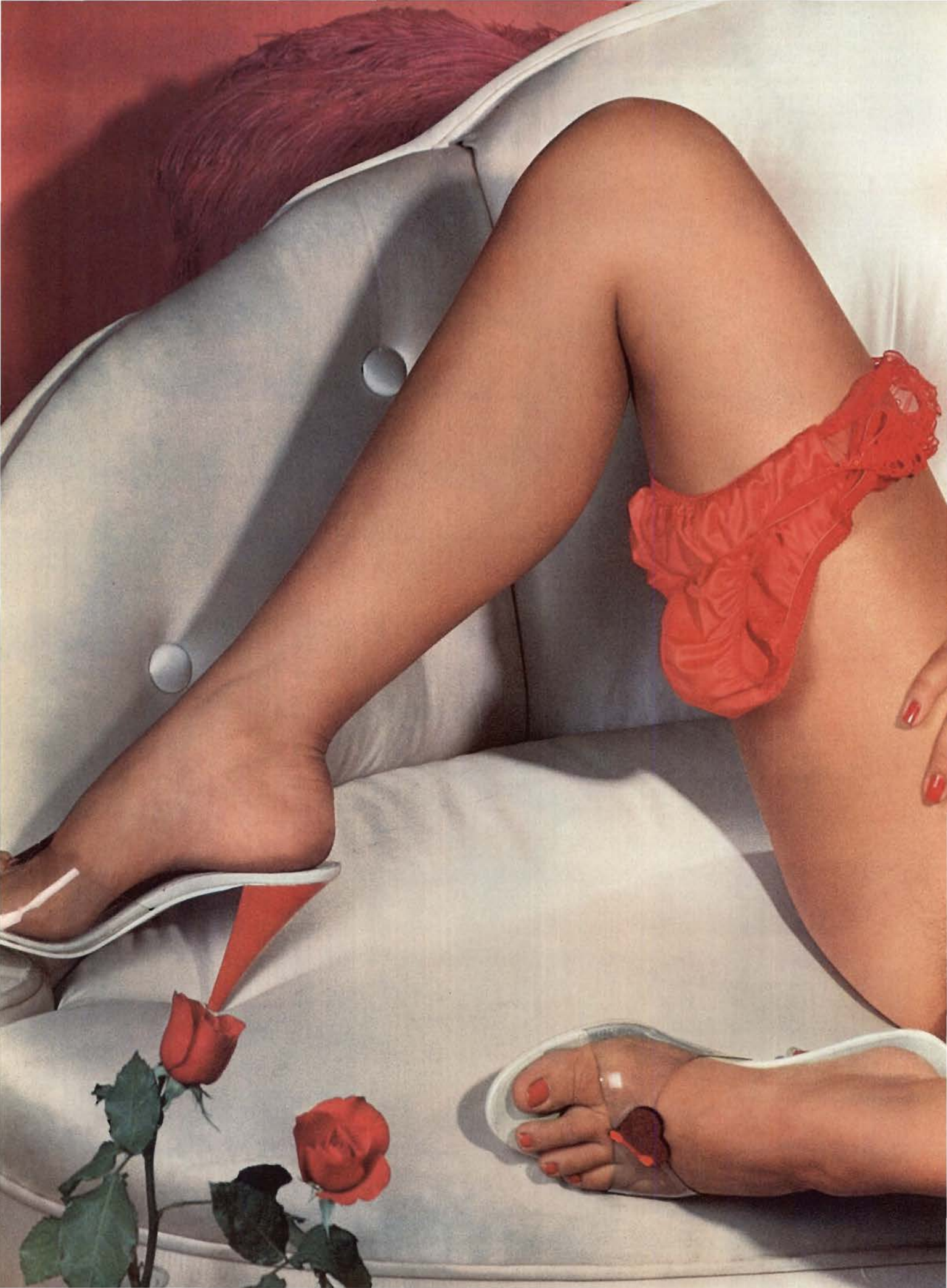


Photography by Clive McLean



Candy is one of those girls who will do anything to make a man happy. She insists there's nothing degrading about bestowing pleasure. That's why when Valentine's Day rolls around, she makes a special effort to please the men who have pleased her all year long. "The best gift I can give is myself," Candy says. "I want my men to have all of me. There's not a single part of my body that can't help satisfy them." For Candy, the old saying "It's better to give than to receive" is especially true on Valentine's Day.







THE EYES OF A KILLER

(continued from page 94)

stitches in his neck and plugged up a neat hole the bullet had drilled along his right calf, Cal dropped in on Squadron Leader Teddy Tilgrin—as ordered. Tilgrin put aside a letter he'd been writing and glanced at the M.O.'s report. "He's grounded you for a week."

"Afraid I'll bust the stitches turning my head around to see what's on my tail?"

Tilgrin leaned back in his chair and rubbed his eyes. "Okay, Killer," he said wearily. "You've got a week's sick leave, you lucky bugger. Give the Big City my love. But whatever the hell else you do, don't catch the clap. We need you here."

The squadron leader indicated the letter on his desk. "The replacements they're sending me don't last ten minutes." He picked up the sheet of paper. "Oh, how I hate writing the parents. I don't even remember what this body looked like."

* * *

In the train rattling its way toward London, Cal grinned a little wryly, remembering how he'd been given the nickname Killer only weeks after his arrival in England. The pilots were being dragged out of bed around 4 a.m. every

day then and forced to wait near their planes in the airfield's Dispersal Hut. Sometimes they waited for hours before getting the order to take off—or scramble, as it was called. One morning he came out of a fitful doze when the damned Operations Room phone jangled, calling them to action. The airman answering it yelled frantically, "Two-ninety-nine Squadron, scramble!"

Cal was on his feet and racing for the door after the rest of the Flight before he realized he'd been awakened in the midst of a wet dream, and the sticky mess was all over his thighs. Hating himself for such a stupid blunder, he staggered out of the door in a bowlegged shuffle—trying to keep the soggy underpants as far from his skin as possible, hurrying to catch up with the rest of the Flight running toward their Spitfires.

As Cal emerged from the Hut, grimly trying to conceal his embarrassment, an RAF car driven by a PR man skidded to a stop, and a cameraman piled out, desperate for a shot of the scramble. The only pilot in range was Cal, hobbling toward his plane and grimacing with distaste. The next day his face, with its expression of what seemed to be steadfast resolve, appeared in the *News Chronicle* with the headline "The Eyes of a Killer." Underneath it, the caption read, "One of our intrepid fighter pilots racing

to his Spitfire to combat the enemy."

They'd flown all over the sky on that scramble without seeing a single German plane. By the time the fliers landed, Cal's thighs were chafed raw where the parachute straps had rubbed against the sperm splotches. Before the *News Chronicle* picture he'd been known affectionately but unimaginatively as Yank. From that time on he became Killer. "You may not have got any Huns yesterday," pilot Allen Scott drawled in his ear as they inspected the heroic shot in the next day's paper. "But you almost certainly killed a million or so of your own sperm."

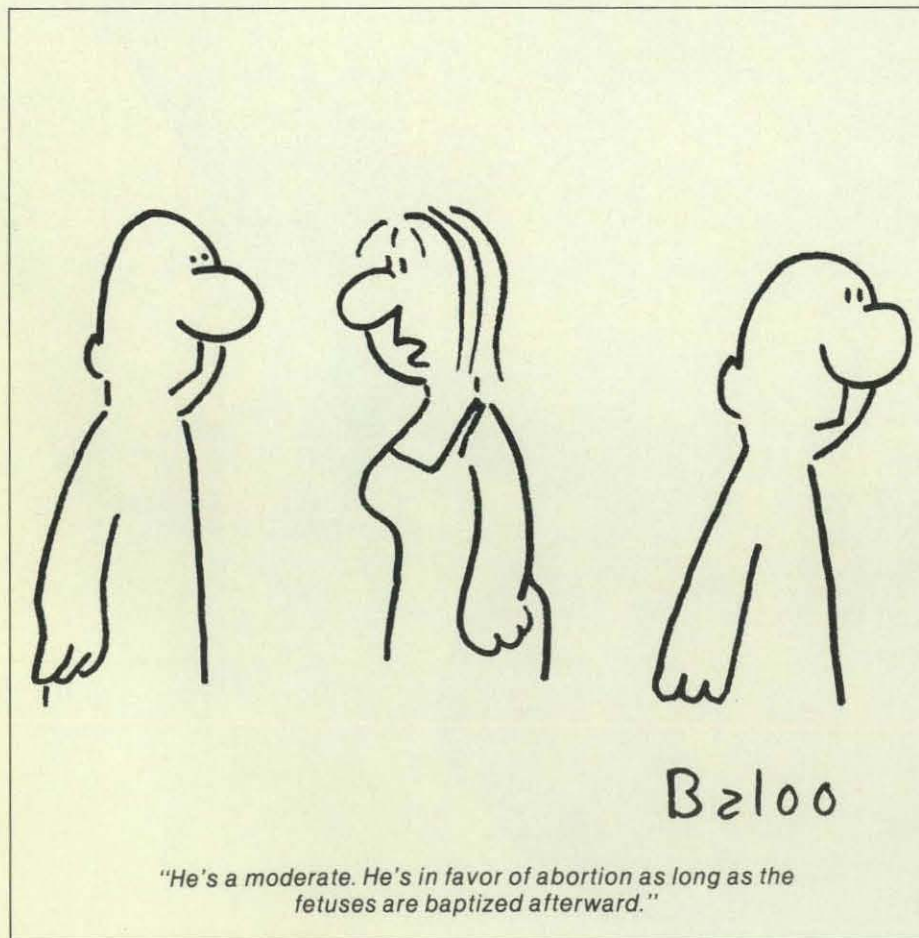
After arriving at Victoria Station, Cal wandered out into the street and climbed on the first bus he saw. From the upper deck he looked out curiously at a city under siege. There were sandbags in front of every shop entrance, and most windows were either boarded up or covered with adhesive paper to lessen the danger from flying glass. Yet the people seemed remarkably cheerful as they bustled around carrying their gas masks in small cardboard boxes hanging from their necks. There were flowers almost everywhere, he noticed, carefully tended blooms shooting up out of the spaces untouched by Hitler's bombs.

Spotting a movie theater showing James Stewart in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, Cal got off the bus suddenly, feeling a need to hear American voices again. Inside, a couple of Scots Highlanders in their uniform kilts were fumbling with and being fumbled by their girls, ignoring the screen. He felt very much a foreigner and alone.

It was night when the film ended. The blackout regulations had turned the street outside into a huge, dark cavern through which traffic edged cautiously, the drivers vainly trying to see with their masked headlights. He moved along the sidewalk, looking for a pub, trying to avoid pedestrians going the opposite way. One of them yelled at him, "Keep to the left, you bloody idiot." He hadn't realized till then that there were signs urging people to do just that.

Searchlight beams were probing the sky south of the Thames River. He heard the sharp crack of antiaircraft fire, and a moment later the eerie wailing of an air-raid siren blasted out from a nearby building.

Looking up, he saw that the searchlights had caught a German Dornier-17 bomber, the drone of its deliberately desynchronized engines reverberating ominously above the racket. A War Reserve policeman went by on a bicycle, blowing a whistle, and two air-raid wardens came running toward him, yelling at people to take cover. Cal



"He's a moderate. He's in favor of abortion as long as the fetuses are baptized afterward."



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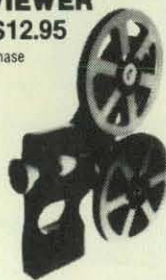
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heard the *crump-crump* of a couple of 1,000-pound bombs exploding about a mile away, then joined some people running toward a small shelter near the front of an office building.

Edging around the blast wall, he found himself in a small kennel of concrete built to house some 20 people. Temporarily blinded, he paused in the door until a friendly Cockney voice said, "Over 'ere, mate," and a small flashlight indicated a space opposite the entrance.

Cal unslung his gas mask and laid it against the wall for a cushion. As he slumped down, his elbow crashed into the person next to him. There was a small female yelp.

"Sorry, ma'am," he said. "Did I hurt you?"

"That's okay. I shouldn't be in the hospital longer than a week."

She had one of those small tuneful English voices that seemed to come from lungs devoid of air. In the darkness she was only a blur, but Cal could see that she was wearing a tiny hat perched over one eye.

"Hi. I'm Cal Coughlin."

"From Canada, by the sound of it."

"American. Bendena, Kansas."

"You picked a bad time for a visit," she remarked.

"You could say that. I'm in the RAF."

There was a pause while the woman fumbled in her purse. She flicked the flame of her cigarette lighter and inspected the pilot's wings, the mauve-and-silver ribbon of his Distinguished Flying Cross, and the fighter pilot's traditional affectation, an open top tunic button.

"Think I was lying to you?" he asked.

"I just wondered why anyone'd be crazy enough to come if they didn't have to. It's not exactly Vacation Village over here, is it?"

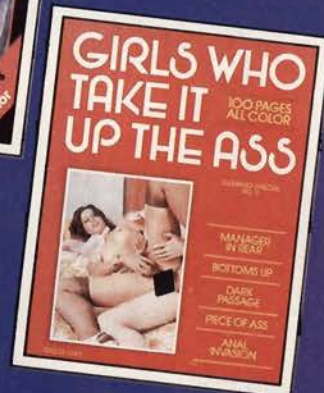
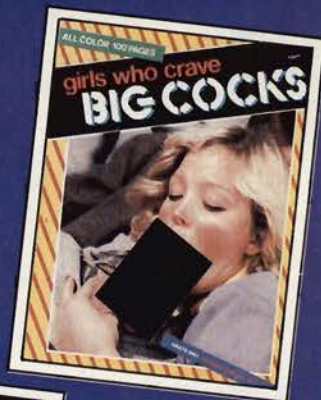
A bomb exploded a little way down the street, and she clutched Cal's hand, stabbing it with her nails to stifle her fear. By the time the mooing of the All Clear sounded, two things had happened: His left palm was in shreds, and he felt sure he'd found a place to stay for the night.

Her name was Zoe Bateson. She'd had a rough war so far. Her oldest brother had been killed learning to drive a tank. Her other brother had survived the evacuation from Dunkirk only to be killed in a traffic accident on his way home from Dover. To cap it all, her father—who'd been a regular Navy stoker—had gone down in the *Royal Oak* when it was torpedoed in Scapa Flow off northern Scotland. Zoe worked as a hairdresser at a shop in St. John's Wood that was run by a man who'd got out of the army by shaving under his armpits



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and lisping a lot. Curiously, she didn't seem to resent him at all.

There was more light out in the street, and for the first time he saw how pretty Zoe was: corn-blond hair with an oval face out of which two enormous violet eyes blazed with a kind of mocking laughter. But it was her mouth that drew him. It had a quality of sensual vulnerability he found fascinating to watch. If she'd wiped the heavy lipstick off and thrown away the crazy hat, she would have been beautiful.

"Where're you heading for?" he asked.

"Maida Vale."

"The only place I know around here is Victoria Station."

"It's a bit farther off than that."

She lived on the top floor of a Victorian building overlooking a dried-up canal. The apartment was cold, and she lit a small gas fire. There was a picture of her father in uniform on the mantelpiece and another of a stout laughing woman holding a dog in her arms.

"Your mother?"

She nodded.

"Where is she now?" Cal asked.

Zoe jerked her head toward one of the closed doors. "Asleep."

This was something he hadn't anticipated. "Won't we disturb her?"

He pulled her close and kissed her quickly, surprised at how light and wiry she seemed. She kept her lips closed primly and wouldn't let him feel her breasts. So he was pleasantly surprised when she suddenly led him into a tiny bedroom down the hall.

The blackout curtains hadn't been drawn, and he could see a forest of roofs stretching away down a slope to a small park. He began to take off her dress, and she wriggled obligingly to help him reach the buttons. Underneath, she was wearing pink garments he'd never seen before. They were called cami-knickers, she told him, and they fastened with a press stud under her crotch. As he struggled to release it, his hands tickled her, and she began to giggle.

In her clothes she'd seemed to be a slight, almost painfully thin girl. But as he slid her out of the all-enveloping cami-knickers, he saw with delight that she had a body that knocked his eyes out. Large, firm breasts over a tiny waist, and flaring hips with a surprisingly dark jungle of curling silken hair between her thighs.

Stripping off his uniform, Cal took Zoe's hand and held it around his swollen penis. At first she was reluctant to touch it, snatching her hand away shyly. He coaxed her back while he fumbled in his tunic pocket for the RAF-issue condom he carried for an "emergency," a heavy gray-rubber sheath de-

signed to protect him from the onslaught of all known species of syphilitic germs. He'd never used one before and remembered Corporal Higgins, his engine-fitter, saying, "It's like washing your hair with your hat on."

There was a classic story in the squadron's "Line" book, which enshrined the pilots' most outrageous claims. According to Dave Benthams, when he'd been shot down over Maidstone, a rip in his parachute had so increased his speed of descent that he'd have been killed on impact had he not recalled his trusty emergency rubber. "Saved my life," he boasted later. "I held it out in front of me, and it slowed my rate of fall to normal. What's more, I landed in the grounds of a girls' school. Without it I'd not only have been dead—I'd've sired at least 15 bastard kids!"

Cal wasn't afraid of catching anything from her, but he didn't want to burden them with a child either. Easing open Zoe's legs, he was about to enter her when she made a small protesting mewling noise and leaned up on one elbow. "Be careful, won't you?" she asked, looking at him with frightened eyes.

"It's all right. I've got something on."

She shook her head. "Not that... you're the first."

He'd never had a virgin before, and he was surprised by the toughness of the opposition that faced him as he entered her. He fumbled awkwardly, his penis bending and twisting as it failed to penetrate the seemingly solid barrier.

Realizing she was still tense and stiff, Cal slowly withdrew from the dryness of her vagina and began caressing her tenderly, first licking her nipples into hard points, then rubbing her belly and buttocks. By arousing her this way, he hoped the deflowering would be less painful. Zoe lay back with her eyes closed, savoring the unfamiliar feelings of excitement that were beginning to churn in her stomach.

"You're sure you want to go through with this?" Cal asked, not knowing whether the strained look on her face indicated arousal or anxiety.

She nodded vigorously, blindly reaching out for his penis.

"Then I'm going to have to lubricate you. Do you know what that means?"

She shook her head uncertainly.

"Trust me, Zoe," he said. "I promise you'll enjoy it." Tenderly, he began licking and kissing his way from her breasts down to her thighs, his tongue leaving trails of heat upon her body. Gently, he sucked on her until gradually her legs fell open. She moaned as her swollen clitoris began to throb under the slow, deliberate movements of his tongue. She

(continued on page 110)

Beaver Hunt

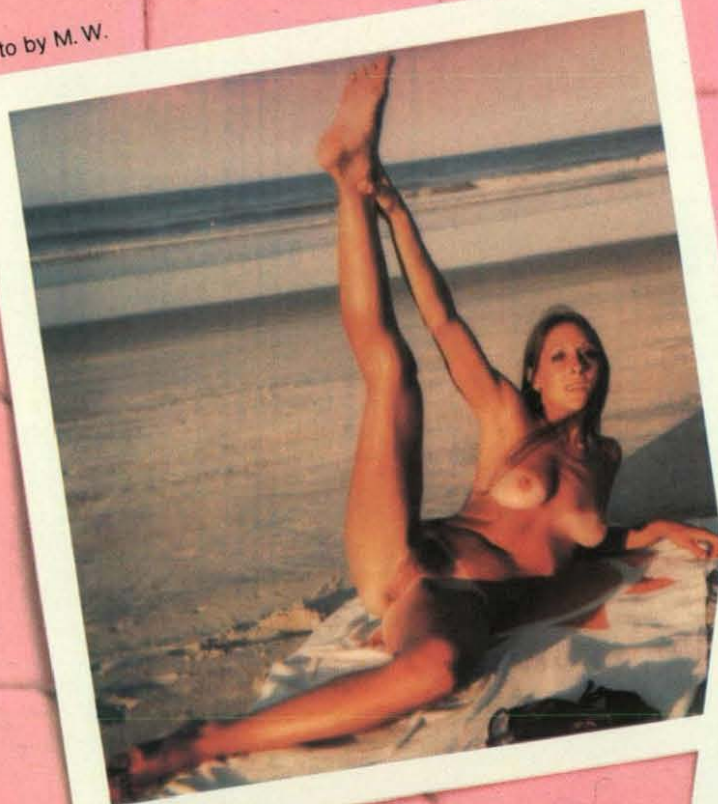


Valentine's Day, the time for celebrating romance, is just around the corner. So why not commemorate the occasion by snapping a few loving photographs of your special sweetheart? HUSTLER pays \$50 for photos of gals or guys published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always the chance that your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photo-

graphs submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

Send your entry (preferably more than one photograph) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 110 or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

Photo by M. W.



Twenty-six-year-old Randi is an executive secretary from Vero Beach, Florida, who loves to jog and play tennis. Her fantasy is to pose for a HUSTLER centerfold.

Photo by Husband



Longview, Texas, is where you'll find Tanya Dove, 19. She's a bartender who roots for the Houston Oilers football team. Tanya's fantasy is "making love in a mirrored room."

Photo by Randy Weidner



A 21-year-old waitress from Phoenix, Arizona, Hiedi likes to dance, crochet and draw. Her sexual fantasy is "to make love in beautiful scenic places."

Marie, 22, is from Gordonsville, Virginia, where she's a cocktail waitress. She's into motorcycling, and she'd love to be alone on an island with actor Peter Strauss.

Photo by B. B.

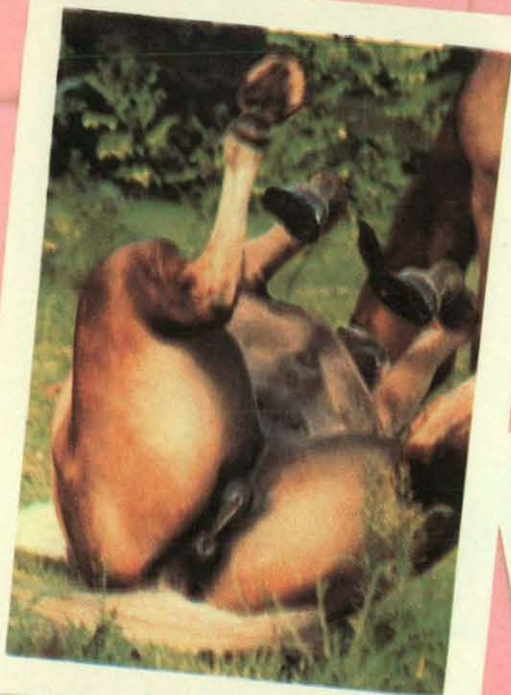


Photo by K. P.



Kitty is a 27-year-old model from Lakewood, California, whose favorite hobby is hang-gliding. Her fantasy has always been to be someone's sexual slave.

Photo by Susan A. Armitage



Pride of the pastures in Gainesville, Florida, Pinky enjoys grazing, galloping and quick rolls in the hay. Her fantasy is to take on an Italian stallion.

Twenty-seven-year-old Pegi is a hostess in Romulus, Michigan. She enjoys poetry and horseback-riding, and her fantasy is to ball two men at the same time.



Photo by "Fish"

Photo by Jim M.



Summer Pearl is a 21-year-old from Bradenton, Florida, whose hobbies are tennis, art and decorating. Someday she'd like to become a "famous sexy singer."



Photo by Kathy Johnson



M. H., 20, is a Portland, Oregon, waitress who enjoys gymnastics as a hobby. Her dream-come-true is to be seen in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*.



Photo by Ralph

A secretary from Anaheim, California, 26-year-old Janet Swenson swims, ice-skates and rides horses. She'd like to "make it with a fully clothed police officer."

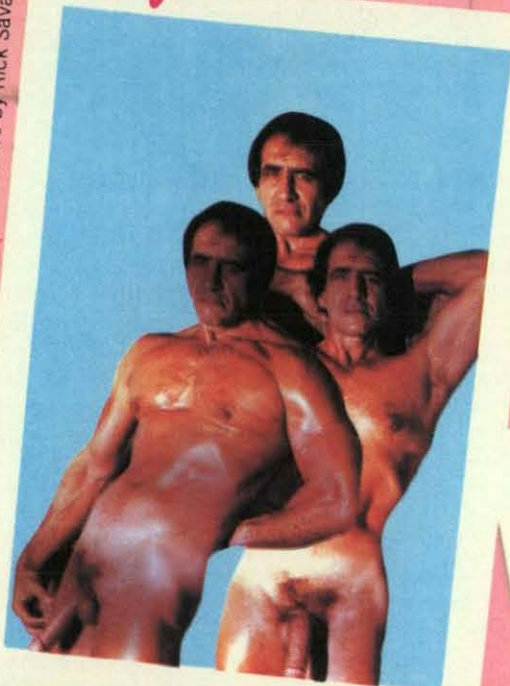
Photo by Doug Scott Wise



Peggy Wise is a 19-year-old waitress from Wayzata, Minnesota, who says her favorite pastime is shopping for lingerie and dressing to please her man. Her sexual fantasies consist of "goals not yet reached."

One for the Ladies

Photos by Rick Savage



Rick Savage, 38, is a design draftsman from Lorain, Ohio, who likes to body-build and photograph girls. He'd like to make it with three Suze Randall centerfolds—"all at the same time."

Amy is a 19-year-old student and secretary from Kalamazoo, Michigan. Her hobbies include dancing, reading, horseback-riding and rock 'n' roll. One of Amy's sexual fantasies is seeing her photo in HUSTLER.



Photo by Tim

Photo by Lovell A. Wheeler



A 50-year-old housewife, Dorothy Elizabeth Wheeler lives in Portland, Oregon, where she enjoys reading, writing and rimjobs. Her dream-come-true was finding "a Libertarian husband who could fuck like the devil."



HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to:

☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature

Date

Model's Social Security Number

THE EYES OF A KILLER

(continued from page 104)

shivered with pleasure as he placed his thumbs beside his probing tongue and softly manipulated the taut skin guarding her now-moistened vagina.

Quivering with anticipation, she breathlessly urged him to enter her. With one fluid motion Cal lifted his head from between her thighs and moved his legs so that he was straddling her. The tip of his massive erection was soon cautiously exploring inside her. Overcoming the slight resistance of her hymen, he finally penetrated with a push, sliding his penis all the way in as she wrapped her legs tightly around his back. He could feel her body convulse in a shuddering orgasm as he kissed her deeply. Cal came right after she did, although the pleasure of his orgasm was muted by her tightness and his fear of somehow hurting her.

Almost immediately, he was conscious of a sticky wetness below him on the sheet. Reaching down, he felt a pool of what he realized with a shock was membrane blood from Zoe's broken hymen. Moving her gently to one side, he grabbed his handkerchief and mopped at it urgently, thinking it might stain the sheet. He dropped the now-sodden handkerchief by the side of the bed, deciding he should really take it back in triumph to the airfield and pin it up in the Dispersal Hut alongside the souvenir bits of Messerschmitts and Junkers. Another one of his trophies. No one would believe him, of course. The popular opinion in the squadron was that there wasn't a virgin left in England over the age of ten.

"How come you kept it so long?" he asked Zoe.

She looked at him, suddenly solemn. "Two reasons. Deep religious conviction . . . and you hadn't shown up."

He felt his stomach hit his boots. *What kind of nut am I mixed up with here?* He had a vision of her pursuing him to the airfield, complaining to the chaplain that he'd married her in the eyes of God. Then he realized she was laughing at him. As he wrestled her around, she gave a soaring infectious giggle that he smothered with a kiss. He felt his penis harden as he pinned her to the bed, and her body writhed beneath him. The second time was better for both of them.

He met Zoe every day for lunch and picked her up after work every evening. Mercifully, there was a break in the night raids, and he avoided the papers, trying to forget the war. Then, on the fourth day of his leave, he saw a headline in the *Daily Herald* about the

ferocity of the Luftwaffe's attacks. He bought the paper and read the story quickly. The RAF Fighter Command was staggering under the Nazi onslaught. He felt immediately guilty to be playing love games while his comrades were dying. He told Zoe a white lie that he'd been recalled, and they had an emotional parting at Victoria Station.

The next day was Sunday, the peak of the Germans' daylight attacks. Cal took to the air six times between 4 a.m. and 11 p.m. The doctor who had grounded him—so Cal's wound could heal—said he was insane to return to action so soon and threatened to make a stink with Group Headquarters. But the country was reeling under a series of savage death blows, and if the doctor did anything about it, no one ever notified Cal.

By October the character of the air war changed. The Luftwaffe wasn't sending Heinkels and Dorniers over England anymore during daylight hours. Instead, it dispatched a series of raids by Messerschmitt-109 fighters, some of them carrying 500-pound bombs. Since the 109s could fly between 2,000 and 4,000 feet higher than the British fighters, 299 Squadron spent fruitless hours wallowing around at the Spitfire's effective operational ceiling of 32,000 feet, freezing cold and furious that they couldn't get up and hammer the invaders until they dived to attack. Then it was a mad ballet of screaming engines and flaming guns all over the sky again.

Cal knew he was getting more tired than was healthy. Returning from a mission, he'd slump in a chair and go instantly to sleep—ignoring the prickling pain as his feet thawed out. He slept almost 12 hours a night; yet he felt grumpy and out of sorts in the morning.

He was asleep in his room around seven the next evening when Peter Barlow rapped on the door. "Call for you, Killer." Cal picked up the phone outside the bar in the Officers' Mess, where the guys were singing a song to the tune of "The Old Apple Tree": "Oh, do have a baby for me. / I'm young and I'm strong, / And it won't take me long. / I'll do you today after tea."

He had to hold a hand over his free ear to hear. "It's me—Zoe," said a small voice. There was no phone in her flat, and she'd never called him before.

"Where are you?"

"West Farling."

It was a village about ten miles east of the airfield. To be closer to him, she'd given up her job and taken a room in a cottage also occupied by a woman whose husband was with the Eighth Army in the Middle East. Shaking off the feeling of lethargy and exhaustion,

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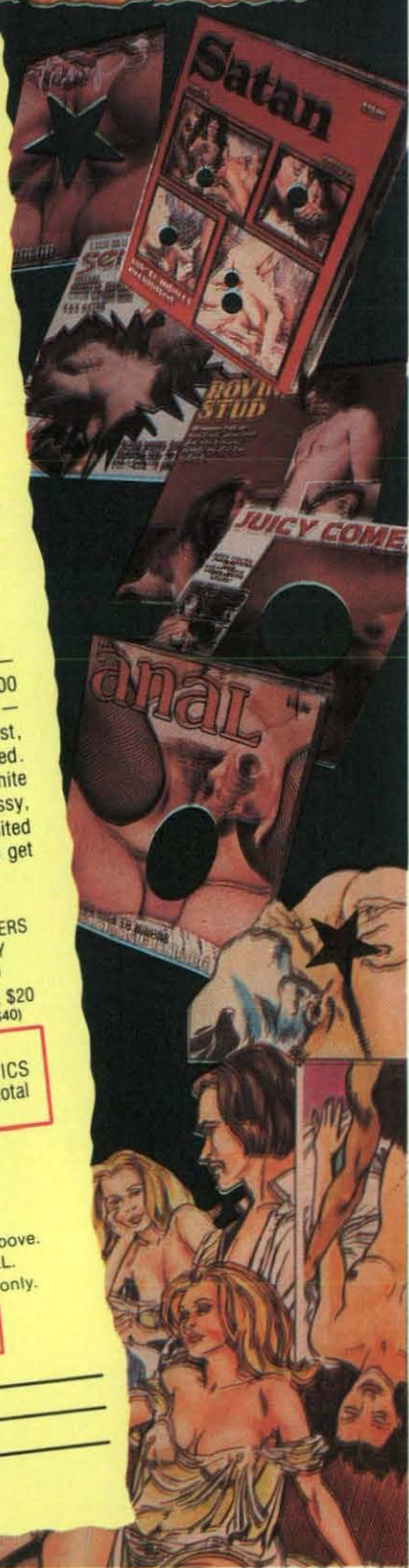
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INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL

"X Rated Highlights" '39⁶⁹

Call or write for the **INTERNATIONAL HOME VIDEO CLUB** dealer in your neighborhood. New dealer inquiries welcome.

Cal drove over immediately in his old MG. He forced a bright smile to his face as he knocked on the door of the cottage. But after throwing her arms around him ecstatically, she took one step back and studied him warily.

"Cal, you look like the walking death! What've they done to you?!"

She refused to let him take her to dinner at the Red Lion as he'd planned. Instead, she made a weird dish of cheese on toast she called Welsh rarebit, which they ate in front of a small fire and swilled down with half a bottle of sherry the previous tenant had left behind.

After they'd eaten, he started to kiss her. But she slipped out of his embrace, going to the small cold bathroom next door and running the tub. When she came back, she'd stripped down to her bra and what he'd learned to call knickers—cotton pants with a frilly edging along the crotch. He reached for her again, but she pushed his hand aside. "Tonight it's my turn to do the work," she said, helping him out of his uniform.

Zoe sat Cal in the tub and soaped his body gently with soft hands. He leaned back, enjoying the pampering. "I feel like an Arab sheikh," he said. "If I clap my hands, will any more of you come dancing in?"

After drying him with a towel, she led the weary airman back into the other room and laid him on the bed. He was feeling limp and drained and completely unsexual. Then, as he watched her taking off her underclothes by the fire, the sight of her luscious body swaying in the shadows stirred him with a quick, savage passion.

His erection sprang up to greet her as Zoe came back to the bed. She knelt by his head and ran her tongue lightly over his eyes and face, inside his ears and then down his neck over the scar to his chest. She worked in tiny circles, moving gradually down his body until she reached his stiff penis. Pushing his legs apart, she nuzzled his testicles, taking them gingerly in her mouth one at a time, pulling, sucking, absorbing him.

Then she grasped Cal's penis and held it flat against his stomach before letting it snap up and strike the soft flesh of her breasts, trapping it between them and rolling it around as if she were stirring up a pot of stew.

Sensing Cal's tension just as he was about to explode, Zoe got up and brought a jar of face cream back to the bed. Kneeling beside him, she smeared his erection carefully with the cream. Its sudden coldness shocked him. Cupping one hand around his balls, she slid the other, pistonlike, up and down the shaft, squeezing and pumping until he writhed, moaning under her touch. He came with

a wrenching cry, as if his guts were being sucked out by a vacuum.

When it was over, he lay back, feeling wholly drained but clean and more alive than he had for weeks. He rumbled her hair affectionately. "That's what I call a really selfish come," he said.

She snuggled up to him. "You deserved it, darling," she said. "You were all wound up like a spring."

"Where the hell did you learn a technique like that?"

"Dad was stationed in Malta. That little number was a specialty the girls in The Gut gave the sailors on payday."

He sat up, slightly shocked. "You were a *schoolgirl* then?"

She gave a crooked grin. "Small tits, big ears!"

Reaching over to thump her, he flinched as the scar on his neck pulled tight, reminding Zoe of the wound that caused it. To reassure her, he tried to deal with it positively. "Some of the boys carry mascots. Some believe in God. I just know one thing in my gut that keeps me going."

"What's that?"

"I'm a survivor. If they haven't got me up till now, they never will."

Although he'd said it to comfort her, when he examined his innermost feelings, he knew it was true. He might get banged up and have little holes drilled through his anatomy here and there, but he never doubted for an instant that he'd come through.

"When you talk that way," she said, "there's something in your eyes that frightens me."

"What do you mean?"

"It's that same look that I saw in the picture of you in the newspaper. It almost makes me feel afraid of you, like you can hurt me. You may be a survivor. But I'm not—and never have been."

Cal put his arm around Zoe's shoulder, trying to console her. "For crying out loud. That photograph was a joke, honey," he said. "There's nothing to worry about. As long as we're together, I'll be there to protect you."

Later, as she lay beside him, he wondered what else was going on in her head. In their short time together and in her letters she'd never once mentioned marriage, but he knew it was on her mind. Before the war it had never occurred to him that he would ever chain himself down. Once the shooting started and he saw the death rate among fighter pilots, it convinced him even more that any permanent liaison for people in his line of work would be cruel and unfair to the woman. Now he wasn't so sure. For the first time in his life he was thinking about someone else's feelings and hold-

(continued on page 128)

I've never been much of a writer. I mean, sitting down and composing a letter to the folks back home in Amarillo, Texas, or even a grocery list is a pretty big chore for me. But last summer I had an experience that's just been begging to be put down on paper.

The memory of it all keeps coming back to me in my thoughts, and as sharp and clear as though it had happened only yesterday. And it's got to be a story that will conjure up a few daydreams for HUSTLER's readers.

I'm a sales representative for one of the national name-brand cola drinks that are always battling it out in television commercials. Based out of Lexington, Kentucky, I mostly sell the stuff to restaurants and bars in the central part of the state.

One of the fringe benefits of the job is that I've gotten to know a lot of saloon-keepers real well. I don't hang out in bars all that much, but at the end of the day it's nice to sit down and chat with some of my customers while drinking a few beers for free.

One of my new clients was a young guy named Jimmy, who had recently taken over a bar that mainly attracted the students of a nearby college. As a result, his summer business was really slow. Just a few weeks after he bought the place, I made him my last stop of the day so I could sit at the bar and shoot the shit with him over a couple of Buds. On this particular August afternoon Jimmy told me he had been getting a crowd of bikers lately. I looked around a little nervously but didn't see any motorcycle-gang types. I asked him if they still existed. I mean, you just don't hear much about the Hell's Angels or any other rough-and-tough bike clubs anymore.

Jimmy told me that a motorcycle gang called the Cycle Devils had been hanging around Lexington for a while, and they still had a fairly large club. He added that while they were kind of a wild bunch, they were pretty much keeping the bar alive during the school

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



CYCLE SLUT

by Ralph McHale

recess. For this reason, he put up with a few smashed-up chairs and broken glasses. Once the college crowd returned in September, he was planning to kick them out.

Just as Jimmy finished telling me about their leader—a guy named Crazy Al, who'd had half of his right hand chopped off with an ax in a fight—I heard motorcycle engines gunning in the parking lot around back. I nearly jumped off my barstool, and my heart, quite honestly, was pounding so hard that I thought it would burst right in my chest.

Now, I'm not a wimp or anything, but I guess most people would classify me as

looking like a 27-year-old choirboy. In fact, a lot of people tell me I look like Ron Howard on the *Happy Days* TV show. I knew I wasn't going to blend in very well with that crowd, and I really didn't want any kind of confrontation with those motorcycle maniacs. Fights with axes go way beyond the Fonz or any of the hoods I knew back in high school. I figured I'd slip out after they all came inside. I had to be safer in the bar, though, than going out to the parking lot.

I kept an eye on the door and, much to my surprise, in walked five of the surliest-looking women I'd ever seen. They strode in real slowly, checking everything out, and four of them finally sat down at a table behind me while the other one began pumping quarters into the jukebox.

"Five PBR's, Jimbo," one of them yelled out. Jimmy reached into the cooler and popped the tops off cold bottles of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

I watched them in the mirrored wall behind the bar as Waylon Jennings blared on the jukebox. They were honest-to-goodness, card-carrying motorcycle mamas, all right—complete with bike-club "colors" on the backs of their faded denim jackets. (I guess black leather is only in fashion for the colder months.)

I wasn't raised to talk nastily about women, but they were about the mangiest,

sleaziest bunch of bimbos I'd ever seen in my whole life. Rode hard and put up wet, as we would say in Texas.

But I couldn't take my eyes off the one they called Cassy, who appeared to be the leader. She was tall and sort of lanky, but with broad shoulders and big tits. When she took her jacket off to expose a tight-fitting black T-shirt, I could see sinewy muscles on her long, thin arms.

Cassy's hair was bleached out to the color and texture of straw, but she had an attractive face if you could get past the heavy makeup and smudges of dirt. In spite of the fact that I was petrified their boyfriends would arrive in any mo-

ment, I kept looking up and staring at them in the mirror.

Cassy caught me gaping at her and sauntered up to the bar like a cowboy about to throw a punch.

"Hey, Pat Boone," she drawled, hovering like a female hawk over her prey. "What're you lookin' at?"

I stammered that I was a friend of Jimmy's, had just stopped in for a quick beer or two and that I was about to leave. She just glared at me and then took a swill of her PBR. "Been ridin' all day, fella. Gotta swish the bugs outa my teeth."

I noticed that a couple of Cycle Devils had walked in, and they weren't exactly the type of guys you'd like to meet in a dark alley.

Cassy leaned over, her face just inches from mine, and said in a quiet voice that if I wanted to look at her so much, I ought to get a look at *all* of it. While I started to protest, she snarled that if I didn't follow her right then, she would tell the bikers who had started to pour into the bar that I was picking up on her. I could tell she meant it.

So I followed her to the end of the bar and around the corner to where the rest rooms were. She walked past them and opened an unmarked door, holding it as she waited for me to enter. It was a small supply room. She pulled at the cord

hanging from the ceiling, turning on a bare light bulb, and slammed the door shut.

I was scared shitless and felt like my whole body was numbed with Novocain. Cassy slipped off her shoes, pulled her T-shirt over her head and lunged for the belt buckle and zipper on my pants faster than I could clear my throat and yelp, "Wait a minute!"

Grabbing my cock with one hand, she unfastened her jeans, wiggled out of them and kicked them aside. Standing there stark naked, the biker girl looked even more aggressive and frightening than when she was dressed and sitting at her table in the other room.

Her full breasts swelled as she took deep breaths, and her whole demanding body glistened with perspiration. My eyes were fixed on her clean-shaven twat as she propped one leg up on an empty liquor case. Still holding my penis, she pulled down on it firmly, maneuvering me into a kneeling position in front of her. The dank smell of sweat, cunt and stale beer filled the tiny room.

When she let go of my cock and straightened up, I realized that it was throbbing not from her tight grip but from my own rock-hard erection, and that my heavy breathing was only half-caused by fear. Cassy said I had better damn well know what to do with my

tongue, while she grabbed my head and pushed my face between her long, powerful legs.

As my tongue instinctively darted back and forth on her swollen clit and I started lapping up her juices, I found myself filled with a passion I had never experienced. I'm sure part of it was the danger, the fear of being caught. And part of it, I guess, was the excitement of a role I had never before played—submitting to a woman's intense, forceful demands. She grinded her hips and pushed her mound into my face, and I felt her body shudder in ecstasy.

I was used to being the aggressor during sex, but now I was experiencing a strange sense of power from *not* being the aggressor. In her own frightening way, Cassy had freed me from my traditional macho role, and I have to admit that I had never been so turned on.


I stood up and backed her up against the door. I reached around the back of one of her thighs and pulled her leg up. Pinning her in this position, I began to slowly enter her, gradually building up force until I thrust my entire throbbing pole into her hot, wet hole.

Suddenly Cassy pushed me away with all her might and cried that she wanted me to give it to her from behind. Bending over a stack of cardboard cartons, she spread her legs and yelled out, "Fuck me *hard*, fancy-pants!"

Angered by her abrupt change of course, I looked at her inviting ass and aimed my cock directly at her puckered bunghole. As I pushed a few inches into her asshole, she started yelling and struggling, but I had her pinned, and she knew it.

Her tense sphincter muscles relaxed, and I rammed into her hard. I reached around and slipped two fingers into her dripping cunt, shoving them in and out in time to the thrusts of my cock. She moaned in helpless passion, and we exploded together in a violent orgasm.

As I withdrew my cock, I noticed a tiny heart-shaped tattoo on her hip with the words "Crazy Al." That reminded me of the danger of the situation. Panicking a little, I pulled up my pants and slipped out the door, leaving Cassy dangling over the cartons. I made it through the crowd and out to my car unnoticed, and I drove off like a bat out of hell.

About a month later, school started, and Jimmy got rid of the bike crowd. I never saw any of them again. But every time I hear what might be a Harley-Davidson, I jump about ten feet in the air. And then my thoughts turn to that tough-cookie Cassy, and I get horny all over again. 

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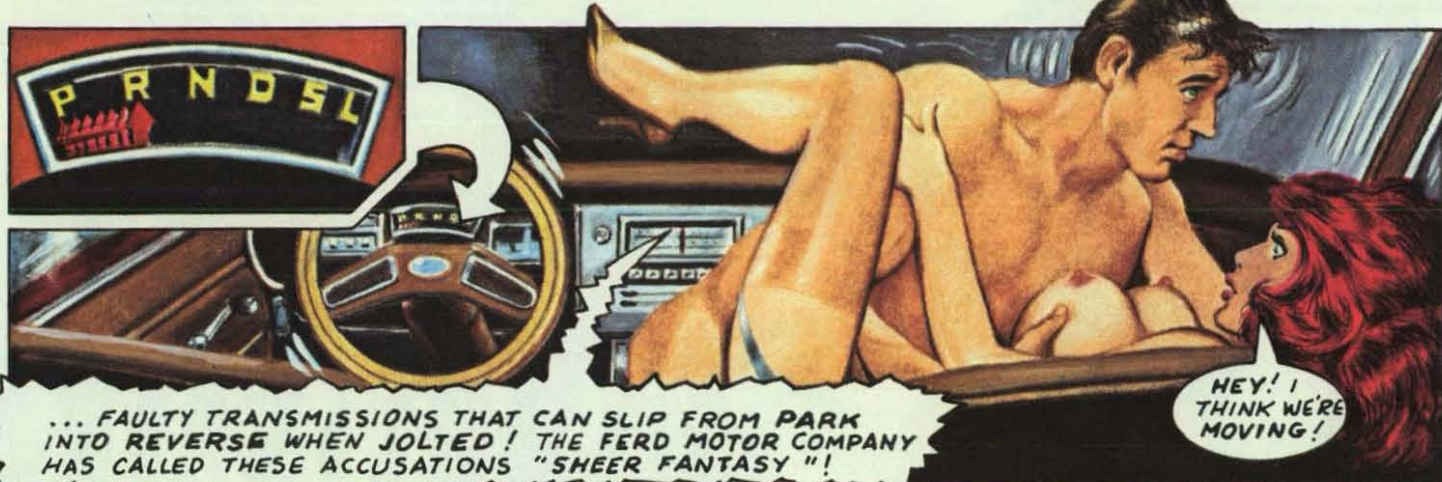
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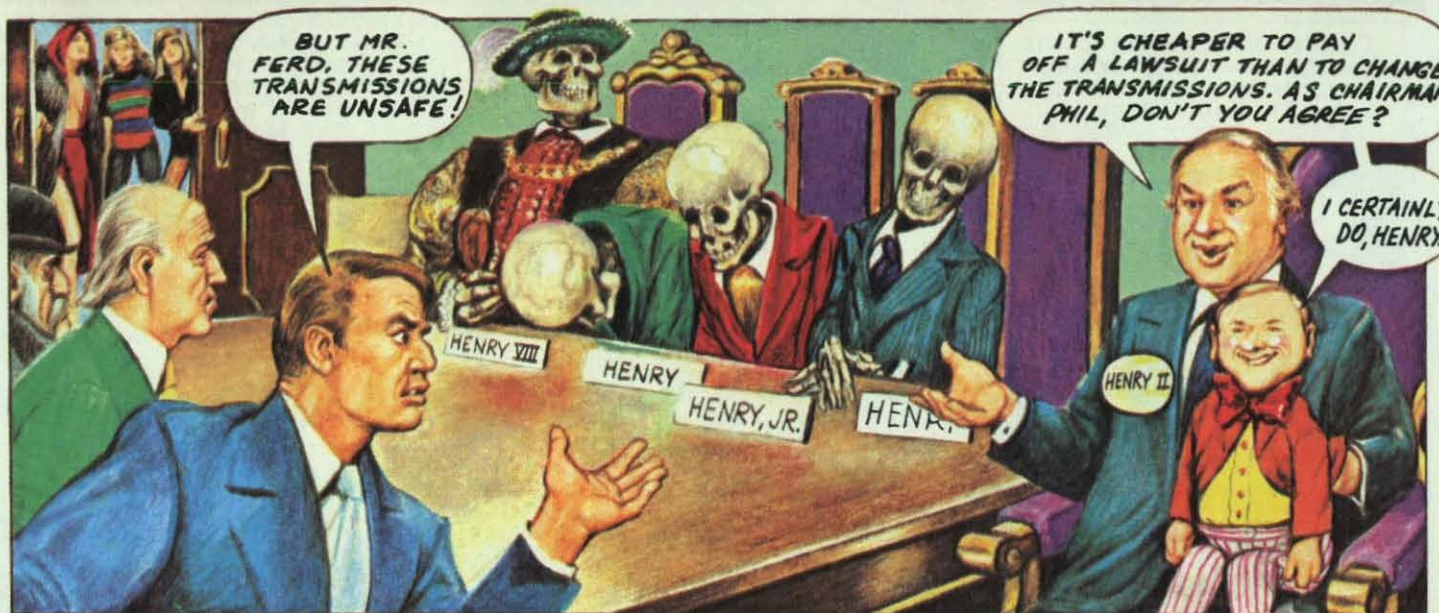


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THERE'S A NEW MAN ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE!



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since it is our belief that an informed citizenry is the best deterrent to fraudulent practices, *Mail-Order Feedback's* purpose is to reduce mail-order problems through education rather than to impose censorship on *HUSTLER* advertisers.

We suggest that you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, your state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, United States Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

FRAUD BUST

In a landmark case the Nassau County District Attorney's office on Long Island, New York, recently busted a mail-order porn dealer for advertising hard-core magazines and delivering soft-core. The company, *World Information Survey, Inc.* (P.O. Box 1096, Hicksville, New York 11802), offered "erotic scenes, shot in living color by the greatest photographic artists in Europe." In addition, the firm described in detail some of its porn from various European capitals: "A beautiful Parisian model, hardly more than a child, is having her elegant nipples sucked by a Dutch sailor. . ."

But what *WIS* delivered, according to District Attorney Denis E. Dillon, were six publications that, in his words, "were as tame as anything on the newsstands." The magazines were skimpy and could barely be called magazines at all. Last October, company-owner George Smith was arrested and charged with fraud. "If it had turned out to be hard-core pornography," the DA said, "he would have been in violation of obscenity laws. As it is, he's in violation of fraud statutes." A conviction could bring Smith four years in prison.

Mail-Order Feedback applauds Dillon's effort to put post-box bandits out of business. Up till now postal authorities and government agencies have traditionally taken the position that pornography is obscene (and illegal) and that porn-buyers shouldn't have the same rights as other consumers. That's why the Nassau County DA's office is breaking new ground: This marks the first time the law has looked out for the smut-buyer. We'll keep you informed about this case and others that may arise.

LIVE SEX

Now that videotape has become the hottest thing in porn, *Video Home Network* (495 Ellis Street #2938, San Francisco, California 94102) claims to have taken the format one step forward: porn shot "live." By "live," *VHN* means that the video cameras start rolling when the actors do, and nobody stops until everybody's cummed out. Says a company spokesman, "Our tapes are shot with two or more cameras recording simultaneously. Then they are edited into their final versions." The result is the same kind of "you-are-there" feel you get from watching a start-to-finish performance like *Archie Bunker's Place*. There are no chops and transitions, and the lust and emotion flow naturally.

Already *VHN* has a growing line of tapes, including two Jamie Gillis-and-Serena bondage movies—*Bound* and *Chained*. Other stars joining the live sex are Juliet Anderson (known also as Aunt Peg) and Holly "Knotty Lady" McCall (featured in *HUSTLER*, October 1979).

Video Home Network gives a 100% guarantee on its videocassettes, most of which are 90-minutes-long and cost \$69.95. *Bound*, however, runs 75 minutes and costs \$79.95.

TRANVESTITE PORN

I've heard about a growing number of transvestites who have had their breasts enlarged but kept their cocks. Are there any films or magazines featuring these people?

—T. T.

York, Pennsylvania

Leyland, Inc. (P.O. Box 8883, Baltimore, Maryland 21224), sells both a hard-core magazine called *Hard TV* (\$14.95) and a film series called *She Male* (\$25 apiece). The films match she-males with men, women and each other. For a candid look at she-males, pick up a copy of February's *CHIC*, which features them in a hot photo-spread.

SOUND ADVICE

My husband and I are interested in buying a sound projector and some pornographic films to stimulate our lovemaking. But a friend warned us that sound projectors are a bad investment. Is this true?

—B. G.

Uvalde, Texas

Insiders in the loop business say that the Super 8 Sound format is on the way out. Several series, including *Swedish Erotica* and *Dirty Movies*, are cutting back or eliminating altogether their Super 8 Sound line. The reason is simple eco-

nomics: A good sound projector costs in the neighborhood of \$350. Porn-lovers ready and willing to spend that much cash are now buying videotape recorders instead. Videotape, besides being a better investment, is easier to handle, more intimate and generally of better quality than 8mm film.

But if you can get a second-hand Super 8 Sound projector at a bargain-basement price, by all means buy it. There are still plenty of sound loops around.

PERSONAL BOX

Recently I moved to an apartment house where mail delivery isn't too private. So I've decided to rent my own post-office box. Will there be any delivery problems?

—M. K.

Lexington, Kentucky

You may find that merchandise takes longer to reach you when sent to a post-office box. Many mail-order companies ship their packages by United Parcel Service instead of via the U.S. Postal Service. UPS is generally cheaper, faster and more reliable than first-class U.S. mail, but UPS does not deliver directly to post-office boxes or to Army Post Offices (APOs).

For this reason, most mail-order firms will do one of two things upon receiving an order from a customer using a post-office box: (1) ship the merchandise by UPS to the nearest UPS district office, which in turn will transfer the package at no additional cost to the designated post office; or (2) send the package the cheapest way possible, by third-class U.S. mail. The UPS transfer will delay delivery by a couple of days; third-class will take extra weeks for the package to arrive, and it is more likely to get lost in the mail.

If privacy is your main concern, you should know that oversized packages will be held for you at the post office's main desk. If your postmaster is as nosy as your neighbors, this may defeat your purpose. Other than that, renting a P.O. box should create no problems.

Customers who want the advantages of P.O. boxes without the disadvantages mentioned above should also check into the possibility of renting a box at a mail drop—a privately owned office that rents boxes for mail pickup. In Lexington there's *Metropolitan Telephone Answering Service* on North Upper. *Loompanics Unlimited* (P.O. Box 264, Mason, Michigan 48854) sells a *Directory of Mail Drops in the U.S. and Canada* for \$7.95 postpaid. 📧

NEW

AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING VIBRATOR

If you've been wondering what those unemployed, space-age engineers have been up to lately, here's the answer. They've brought their lunar landing techniques to the world of sensual pleasure and given us the amazing new Hot Stud... the greatest advance in sexual aids since the invention of the battery.

You'll be a space pilot of pleasure. The control console you see pictured at the left is the operations center of this remarkable new vibrator. Just by sliding the control levers in the appropriate directions, you can adjust each of the exciting functions of your new Hot Stud.

The most erotic feature is its soothing heat control - that's right, the tip of your Hot Stud gets warm even before you touch it to her sensitive, secret parts. The effect is overwhelming for even the most experienced sensualist you know. And if you want to see the look of unexpected and joyous delight, just watch what happens to her face as you plunge it deeper and deeper into a greedy and moist vagina.

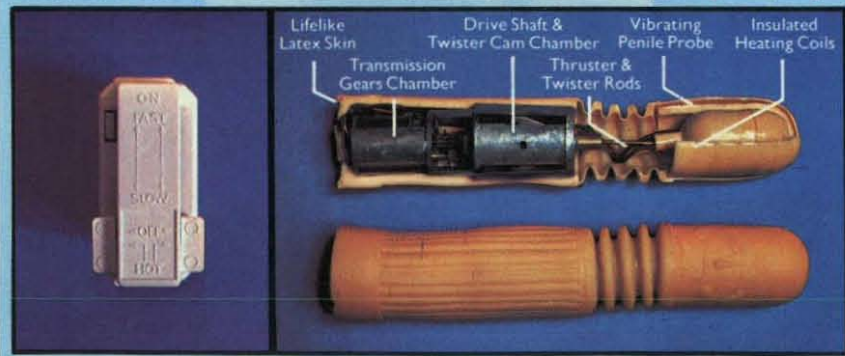
It thrusts - yes, the accorian folds just behind the head of this scientific breakthrough let your Hot Stud thrust in and out, in

and out, just like the real thing. It probes all her secret places and, what's more, the head doesn't just stay in a fixed position. While the thrusters are hard at work, the twister rods, controlled by specially designed cams, are rotating round-and-round, finding new erogenous zones she never knew she had. And all the time it's vibrating - from a gentle buzz to a mind-bending throb - and the vibration control lets you set the pace, from slow to fast, teasing and tantalizing her to create a fever pitch of passion and an explosion of orgasmic delight.

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| Extra Wigs, \$10 each. <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde <input type="checkbox"/> Black | |
| (Angie's regular hair is brunette.) | |
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NO. 4 THE DEVIL IN HER

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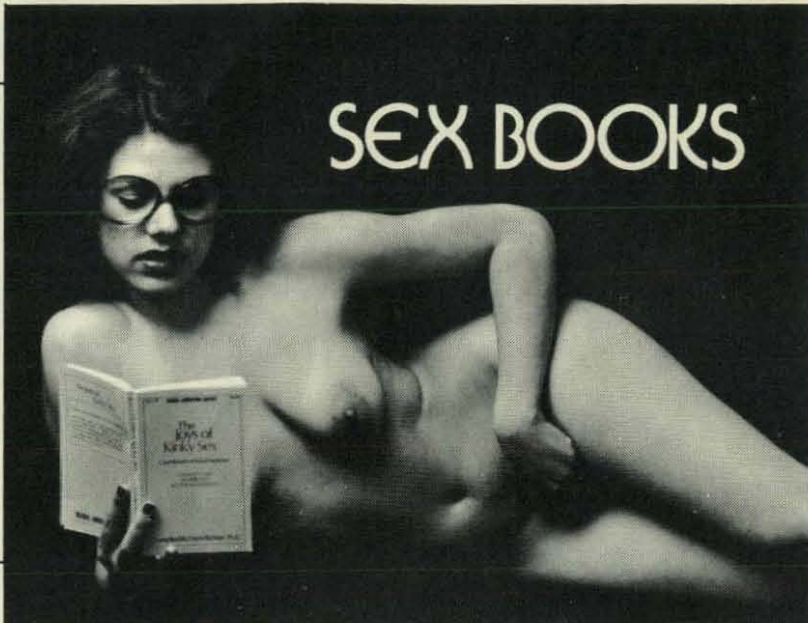
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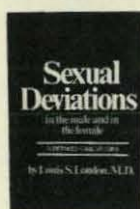


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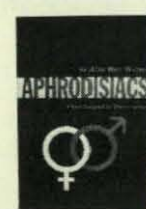
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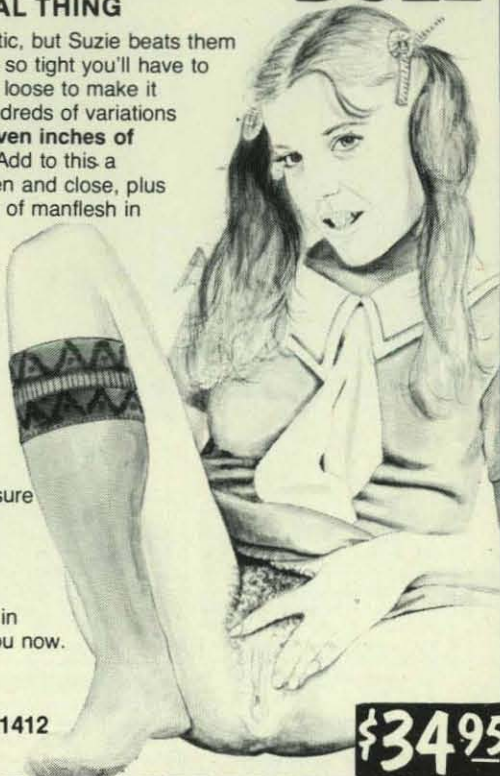
Some sex dolls may claim to be realistic, but Suzie beats them all. On command her vagina grips you so tight you'll have to struggle to withdraw... or she can let loose to make it smooth and easy stroking... with hundreds of variations in between. **It's the most exciting seven inches of womanflesh you've ever imagined.** Add to this a realistic, girlish face with eyes that open and close, plus lips that open to accept up to 6 inches of manflesh in deep throat fashion, and you've got all the bed partner any man could desire. And Suzie never "has a headache." She's ready to go, night after night, time after time.

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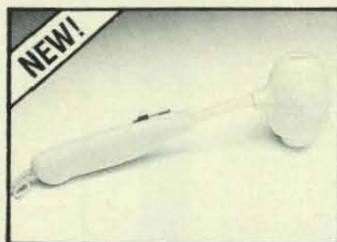
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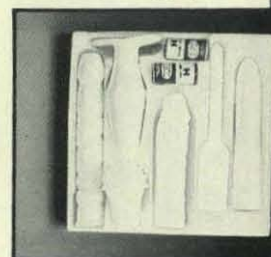


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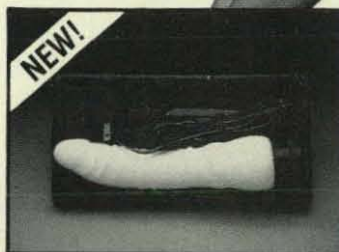
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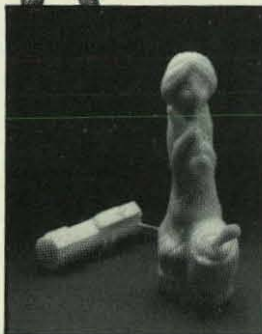
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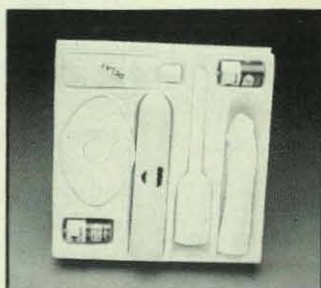
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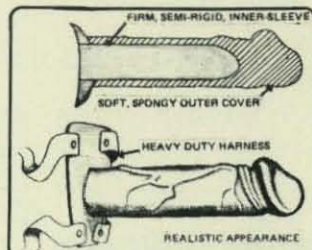
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THE EYES OF A KILLER

(continued from page 112)

ing them as valuable as his own. It had to mean something.

For two weeks he was able to see her almost every day. Then Group Headquarters changed the rules again and started putting 299 Squadron on readiness every night. The Spitfire was not the ideal night interceptor. The flames from the exhaust stubs, unnoticeable in daylight, became a blinding irritant in the darkness. There were no navigation or radar aids to help the pilot zero in on the enemy; so he depended largely on seeing a bomber caught by the searchlights, or the million-to-one chance of having one come into his range of vision.

Sitting up there at 15,000 feet, patrolling back and forth along a set flight course, waiting for a break, Cal had plenty of time for brooding. What he thought about mostly was Zoe and what it would be like to make a life with her.

The clock on the port side of the instrument panel was showing 1:45 a.m., and his fuel was getting low. He was about to use his mike to report that he was returning to base, when the controller's voice crackled in his earphones. "Got some trade for you. Angels ten on a heading of 270." Angels was the code word for thousands of feet.

The flier made a course adjustment, fingering the milled sleeve on the gun button, double-checking that it was set to Fire, and let down cautiously through the murk. After a few eye-straining minutes of peering around, he caught a glimpse of a JU-88.

Cal dropped below the bomber and throttled back until he was overhauling it slowly, holding his breath until the moment came. He'd never fired his guns at night before. The sudden blinding flash startled him, and he jerked the stick, sending his Spitfire whirling up in a steep climbing turn. He lost the German plane in the maneuver and put himself in a slow turn until he saw a flicker of flames just ahead. Closing in for the kill, he noticed the bomb doors open as it jettisoned its load in a desperate attempt to increase speed. Cal knew they were miles from London and was glad he'd saved the city another barrage.

He gave the bomber a four-second burst, holding his thumb on the gun button until the burning plane vanished in a cloud. Realizing he'd lost track of his whereabouts in the short skirmish, Cal asked the controller for homing instructions. He could hear the people in the Operations Room shouting and yelling delightedly over his headphones. Even the controller's professionally calm

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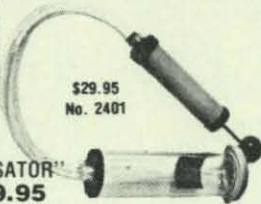
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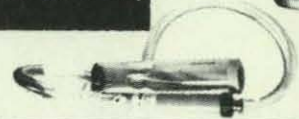
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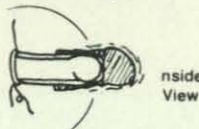
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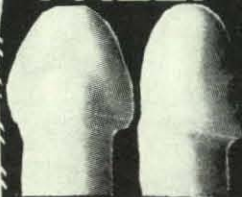
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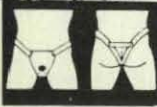
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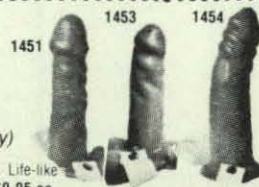
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voice was excited. It was the squadron's first victory at night.

"You got the bastard! I just saw his radar plot go off the map!"

An hour later the controller greeted Cal in the Officers' Mess and told him the bomber had crashed near Wrayford. So it was a confirmed kill, bringing Cal's total to 11.

He had a few drinks with the boys and then went to his room. He was dog-tired, but at first he couldn't sleep. On top of the excitement of the kill, he remembered a sudden conviction that came to him just before he opened fire the second time. He'd seen Zoe's face shimmering and clear in his mind's eye in that crazy little hat she'd worn the first time they'd met. He knew in that instant that the decision had been made for him. If she'd have him, he'd marry her as soon as they could get permission.

He woke early, feeling light and alive, and drove over to West Farling. A fire engine and some police cars were parked on Zoe's street. Coming around the corner, he saw with a gut-wrenching shock of horror that where the cottage had been, only twisted beams and still-smoking wreckage remained.

A policeman waved him down. Leaping out of the car, Cal ran up to him frantically. "What happened?"

The man eyed his wings and medal approvingly. "A German ditched his bombs here last night. They say you boys got it, because it crashed near Wrayford." He looked as if he expected Cal to give a patriotic yell or salute or something.

"What about the occupants?" Cal asked with a sinking dread in his stomach, knowing the answer before he spoke.

The officer shook his head. "Only two of 'em. Women. Both dead."

Seeing Cal's ashen face, he became suddenly concerned. "Did you know either of 'em, sir?"

Unable to answer, the pilot turned woodenly and walked back to his MG. His head was whirling, and he was going to be sick. He managed to get behind the wheel and start the engine. He had to get away from people before he broke down.

Backing up the car, he looked in the mirror and saw his own face staring hollowly back at him with tears rolling out of eyes the *News Chronicle* caption-writer had found so lethal months before. The eyes of a killer.

Cal drove away from the scene as fast as the little car would go, hoping with a sick heart he'd skid off the road and smash himself up on a telegraph pole. But he knew he wouldn't. He was, after all, a survivor.



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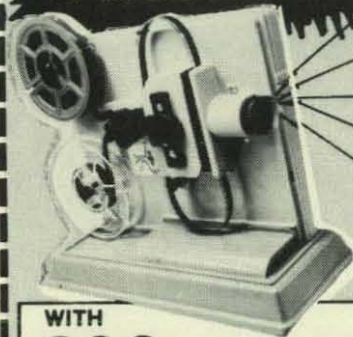
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YOU ARE BEING POISONED!

(continued from page 90)

the Ames test for mutagenicity a dish full of *Salmonella* bacteria is exposed to a suspect chemical, then watched to see whether the bacteria's genetic material has been altered. So far, the test has identified known carcinogens with 90% accuracy. If, as it seems, carcinogenic chemicals cause cancer by acting on the genetic material in our bodies' cells, the Ames test will be a valuable tool scientists can use in picking out which substances are carcinogenic.

Not every mutagenic chemical actually causes birth defects. And not all teratogenic chemicals act on the genes or chromosomes themselves. Mercury, a simple toxic poison, causes horrible birth defects by damaging fetuses while they're still in the womb.

The synthetic female hormone DES and the herbicide 2,4,5-T are both known to be teratogenic. Richard King, an Air Force pilot who sprayed the herbicide over Vietnam, recalls, "We were given handouts that said 'Agent Orange' was absolutely nontoxic to humans and animal life. During demonstration missions for the press I saw pilots stick their fingers into canisters of the stuff and lick them to show how safe it was. Everyone believed it."

Back home nearly 5,000 suffering Vietnam vets have asked for treatment for severe disorders they believe resulted from contact with the herbicide. Fifteen hundred vets have filed federal-court suits against the defoliant's manufacturer. And even more disturbing, 200 tons of 2,4,5-T were dumped into Love Canal, proving the same health problems can happen here.

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

The facts about poisons in our homes and our environment are shocking, but the situation isn't hopeless. There are steps ordinary Americans can take to make life safer for themselves and future generations. Here are some of them:

- Organize in your neighborhood to fight pollution and to blow the whistle on corporate polluters. You can order a helpful book called *Environmental Cancer: A Citizen's Guide to Organizing*, by Paul Blanc. It's available for \$10 from the CED Education Fund, 409 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite 212, Santa Monica, California 90401.

- Stop smoking, if you haven't done so already.

- Women should consider the matter carefully before using birth-control pills. Those who do use the Pill should get a prescription with a minimal estrogen content. Although occasionally neces-

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We Dare You To Try It!

Give Us 5 Days — And We'll Give You A New Modernized Method of Getting Girls That Works Like Nothing You've Ever Seen Before — Let Us Prove It

IT'S the newest ... most modern way of getting girls.

It's called *S/A Hypnotism*. And thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

S/A Hypnotism works. It works like nothing you've ever seen before. And we'll prove it.

We'll show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

It doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed. That's all in the past now.

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism*, you will have one of the most powerful forces known to man working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: "I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely — to say the least. Then I heard about *S/A Hypnotism*. I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to *S/A Hypnotism*!"

And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even seduce beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).



That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism*. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls Through S/A Hypnotism*.

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism*.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even slept with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund and more.

We will send you:

• 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

• 15¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)

• 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)

• 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)

• 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or *S/A Hypnotism*.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a reliable, no-nonsense method of getting girls; a method that will work anywhere, anytime ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

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SA107

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund and more.

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sary, using estrogen to alleviate the discomforts of menopause is usually dangerous in most cases.

- Avoid microwave ovens. If you're determined to buy one, make sure it wasn't damaged in shipping. Follow the manufacturer's instructions. Don't turn the oven on when there's nothing in it.

- Urge the President to support federal funds for the cleanup of the Love Canal dump site and for relocation of the area's residents. This will help establish a useful precedent for the next time the same thing happens—and it will.

- Don't eat charcoal-broiled or pan-fried meat. Broil your steaks instead.

- Don't get "diagnostic" X-rays, such as the yearly chest X-ray for tuberculosis, unless your doctor or dentist thinks they're specifically necessary. Women under 50 shouldn't have mammographies (breast X-rays) unless they have a family history of breast cancer. If you do get an X-ray, ask for a lead-lined apron to protect your pelvic area.


- Write your congressman to ask about guidelines for the use of agricultural pesticides in your state. If there are none, ask that they be established. Most farmers rely on pesticide salesmen for guidance. Since the salesmen want to sell as much as possible, the result, says one environmentalist, is that "farms usually use about twice as much pesticide as they really need to do the job."

- Cut down on fats in your diet. Not only may fats promote cancer, but most pesticide, hormone and industrial residues wind up in the fatty portion of foods. Red meat, liver and dairy products are high in fat. Fish and poultry are high in protein and low in fat. Fruits and vegetables are very low in fat, but be sure to wash them to eliminate possible pesticide residues on their skins.

- Eat more fiber, which aids digestion and may help to prevent cancer of the colon, high cholesterol levels, varicose veins, hemorrhoids and gallbladder diseases. Unrefined grains, raw or cooked fruits and vegetables, potatoes, beans, peas, and fruits with seeds are high in fiber.

- Women who plan to breast-feed their babies should observe a low-fat, high-fiber diet early in pregnancy—and stick to it. Pesticides have been found in mothers' milk all over the country.

- If you see someone dumping a chemical in a deserted lot or field, get the license number of his truck and report it to your regional Environmental Protection Agency office.

We haven't lost the battle against home and environmental poisons yet. We can still clean up America for our own and future generations—if we start now, while there's still time. 

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LOVE MACHINE. This new ultimate sex toy both vibrates and - Oooh - thrusts at the same time. Looks and feels just like the real thing and the suction cup mounting lets you put it where it can do the most good.
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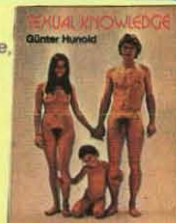


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NEXT MONTH

March issue on sale January 22, 1981

VANESSA



RAPE!—As a streetwise journalist in New York City, Suzanne Felzen used to joke about rape until the winter afternoon a 14-year-old boy flashed a knife and forced her to have sex with him in a deserted playground. In this starkly factual article written by the victim, the act of rape emerges as a psychological

nightmare that can change a woman's life forever. But what comes after the brutal act—in the hospital and in the courts—might be even worse.

PROFILE: GEORGE BUSH—When the newly elected Vice President of the United States was celebrating his election-night victory last November, Bob Reiss was right on the scene in Houston, Texas, covering the event for HUSTLER. But Reiss has also taken a hard look at Bush's political career. What he learned about the former CIA director's record in public service—as well as his future political ambitions—gives new insight into the man who's only a heartbeat away from the Presidency.

THE MAGIC BOX—In this imaginative science-fiction story by D. S. Bradford, a 23rd-century man's life changes dramatically when a shapely and beautiful woman from the distant planet Cerlain enters his life. Their sexual escapades are wild and unusual, to say the least. But what awaits them after a spaceship journey through the galaxy is totally unexpected.

EROTIC ART—From cats to camels to elk, animals have traditionally made stimulating subjects for the artist with an unafraid eye for erotic fantasy. In this display of bizarre beastliness you'll share that special vision.

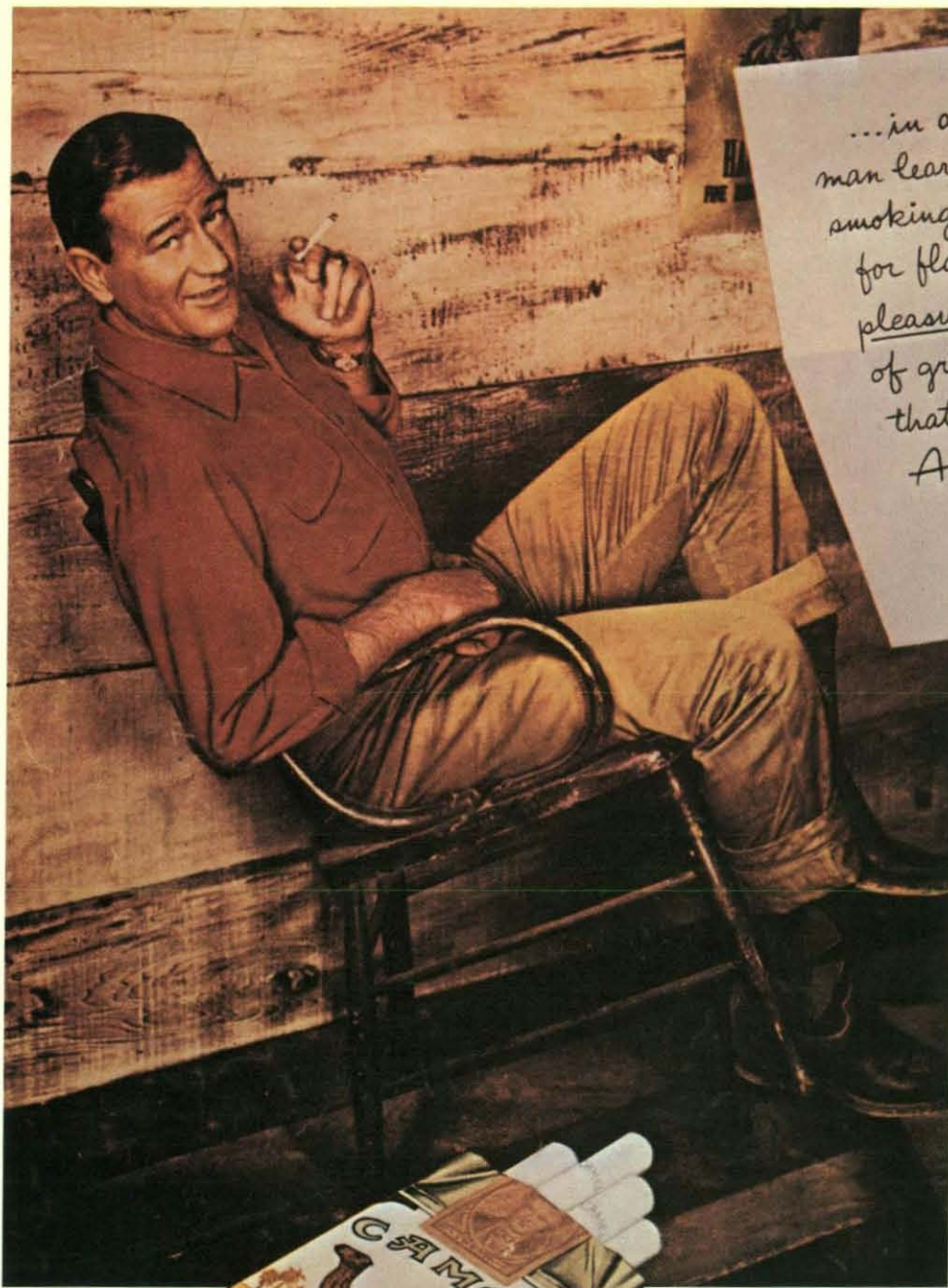
PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll get a special feeling while taking a look at **AMBER: A DELICATE TOUCH**, next month's centerfold. Then shapely **SHARI: MODERN MISS** shows off charm even old-fashioned men would embrace. **VANESSA: SPANISH FLY** is a real turn-on, and a heart-pounding **TOO-CLOSE ENCOUNTER** makes for fantasies of the most sensual kind.

PLUS—A magnificent March lineup, including **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **SEX PLAY**, **KINKY KORNER**, **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **HONEY** and **BEAVER HUNT**.



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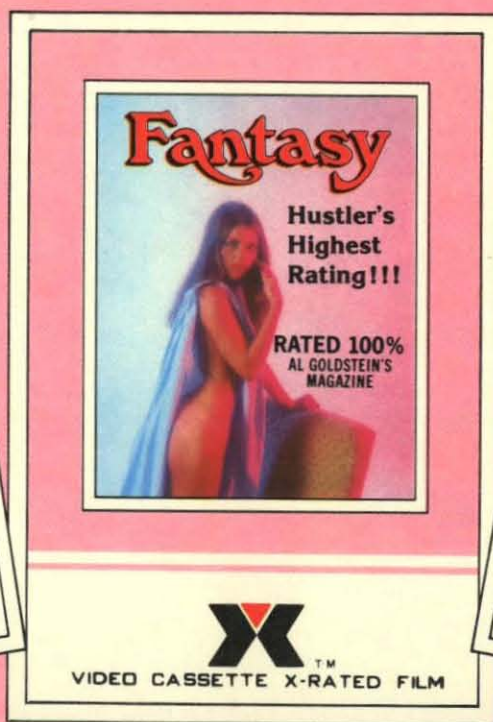
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